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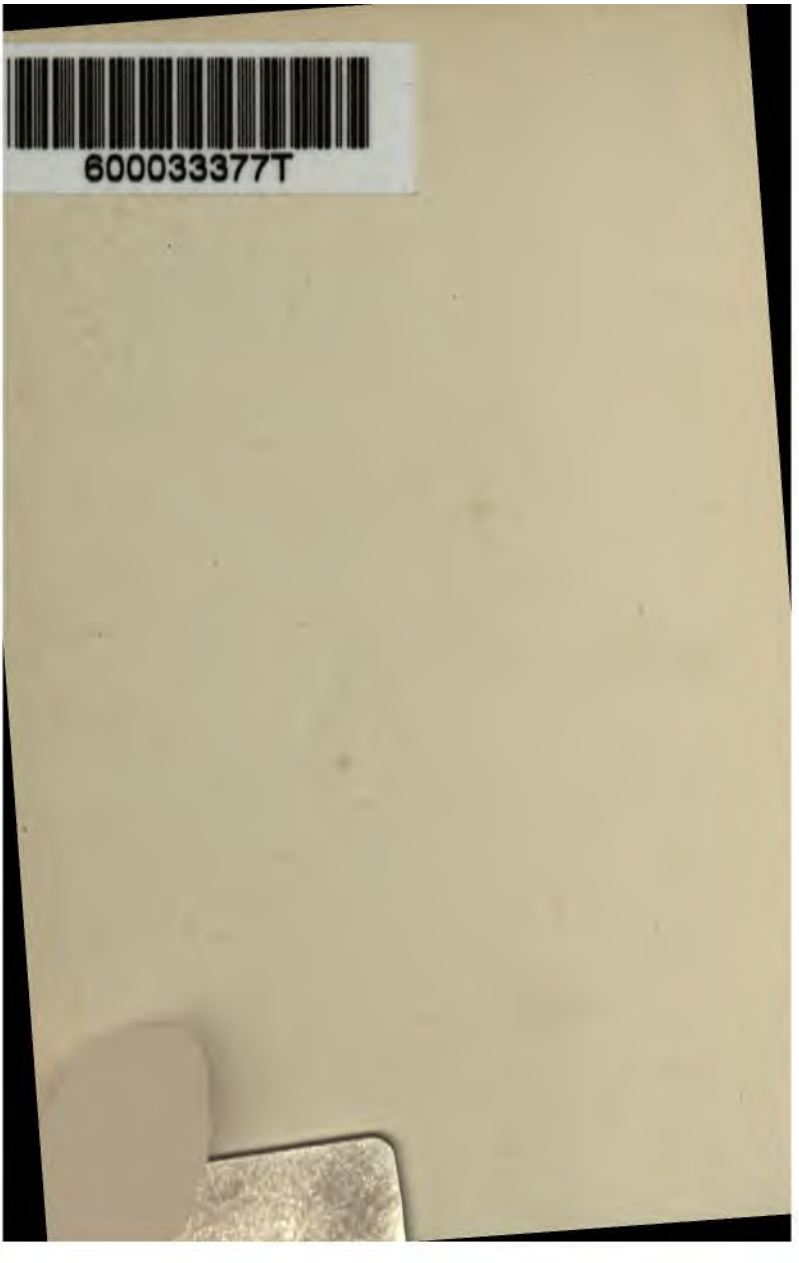
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THE

MIND IN THE FACE:

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE

Study of Physiognomy.

BY

WILLIAM McDOWALL.

Author of "The Man of the Woods and Other Poems," "History of the Burgh of Dumfries," "Memorials of St. Michael's, the Old Parish Churchyard of Dumfries," "Burns in Dumfriesshire," &c.

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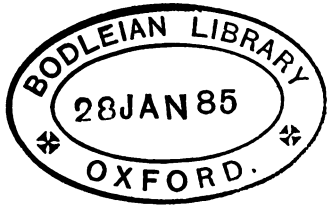

PREFATORY NOTE.

It is with considerable diffidence that the Author submits the following small work to the consideration of the public. He has felt an interest in the subject for many years; but he is by no means sure that he has treated it in such a way as to render it interesting to others; yet, perhaps, some readers may find, occasionally, food for thought as they pass from page to page, and be led by it to study for themselves the relationship that subsists between the spiritual and corporeal nature of man. His decided belief is that the mind is reflected in the face; which position, however, may be quite true, and yet in a multitude of instances the looking-glass may seem dim, and the image it discloses be faint, if not, to some extent, deceptive. If anything said in this essay shall tend to make the mirror clear, or the eye of the observer more acute and sure-sighted, the main objects aimed at by the Author will be fully realised. Should he succeed, also, in awakening

public attention in any degree to a great theme which has of late years received little notice, he will feel much gratified: it would not do for him to say that he would thereby be amply repaid for his labours, as these have been sufficiently light, pleasant, and self-rewarding. He has to add, which he does with pleasure, that in preparing pictorial illustrations for the work he received valuable aid from a skilful local artist, Mr. JOHN FERGUSON.

17, CRESWELL TERRACE, DUMFRIES,
July 1st, 1882.

NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

SUCH a favourable reception was given to the first edition of "The Mind in the Face" that the whole impression was sold off within three months of its appearance. A second edition was thus called for, which the Author now submits, with an expression of thanks for the very cordial welcome given by the public to the work.

October 1st, 1882.

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THE MIND IN THE FACE.

CHAPTER I.

GENERAL ASPECT OF THE QUESTION—PARAMOUNT INFLUENCE OF FORM—EFFECT OF QUALITY OR TEMPERAMENT—PARALLELISM BETWEEN MIND AND FACE.

PHYSIOGNOMY has never been perfected as a science, neither has its right to rank as such been generally recognised; and in attempting to pioneer the way to its study I labour, therefore, under peculiar disadvantages. It is fragmentary in itself; its chief exponent, Lavater, never aspired to the honour of building up a complete system; and those who have investigated the subject since have added comparatively few materials to those which he and his predecessors supplied. To a great extent Physiognomy is "a thing of shreds and patches": though not a mere chimera or castle of cloud-land; though based upon the rock of truth, with much of its superstructure visible to the eye of reason, it is yet in many respects undefined and intangible. This is attributable, however, to the neglect which it has experienced.

While other themes far less interesting, and far inferior in importance, have received prolonged attention from scientific minds, the claims of Physiognomy to similar treatment have been denied or overlooked. It has oftener been visited with ridicule than honoured with the respect due to its inherent dignity; and with so few to examine its credentials, and so many to dis-

pute them before trial, in a fair court, and on the evidence of competent witnesses, no wonder that our knowledge of it is so partial and unsatisfactory. But my decided belief is, though man has not written in his book all the material lines and lineaments of "the human face divine," accompanied by an interpretation of their full moral and intellectual meaning, they are all inscribed in the book of Nature; and that were we only to go to it as learners, with the view of treasuring up its lessons, we might yet succeed in realising a system which would have nearly all the clearness and certainty of a mathematical science.

I am fully impressed with the conviction that every physical feature is the symbol of a corresponding trait of character; nay, that every minute line or curve in the animal economy enshrines, or at least indicates, some congenial mental peculiarity, and that these form, when combined, the visible transcript of the invisible, immaterial essence, which gives to the aggregate its sense, motion, and vitality. In this respect I think that Nature is unbending and inflexible, that her works are always congruous and complete, that to every soul born into our world of humanity an appropriate bodily garb or dwelling-house is given which would suit no one else; and that if we had a full knowledge of Creation's mysteries we would be able to recognise, in every specimen of the outward man that passeth away, a picture of the inner man that endureth for ever; and, moreover, we should see that as each part of the body is adapted to every other part, so we should, in any given instance, be able to predicate from each one what is the whole sum and character of the immortal spirit.

So much by way of prelude, regarding Physiognomy as dimly seen at present, and how it may come to look in the noon-light of a future day; and I shall consider myself fortunate if I succeed in rendering any of its outlines, as presented to my own mind, clear to the general reader, and induce him to study the subject for himself.

The term Physiognomy is derived from two Greek words, signifying "to know nature." The physical structure of man as typical of mind is the field of its observation; the entire human figure being brought within its ken, though my inquiry bears chiefly upon the face. Frequent references to Physiognomy appear in the writings of Aristotle, that great philosopher indeed bearing testimony to its scientific truthfulness; while its value as an index of character is recognised by Galen, Cicero, Seneca, Pliny, Quintilian, and other classical authors of lesser note. Some new light was cast upon the subject by G. Baptista Porta, early in the seventeenth century; but to Johann Caspar Lavater, who published his "Physiognomical Fragments" in 1772, it is more indebted than any other writer, ancient or modern, though, as has already been stated, he left it unmethodised and incomplete.

Not as yet generally recognised by the learned; and still kept out of its proper place among our systems of philosophy, its fundamental truth is yet very generally assented to. Most people acknowledge that there is something in it; but in admitting its essential principles, they question or deny its universal applicability. They at once allow that virtue has a tendency to ennoble, and vice to degrade the features and expression

of the face, and they will even go so far as to say that certain countenances attract and certain other countenances repel the spectator at a glance; but when they are told that each sentiment of the soul, that each emotion of the mind, is mirrored in the face, so that the latter invariably throws back an image of the former, their scepticism is apt to be provoked, and many of them, unable to concede such demands upon their faith, may be tempted to reject Physiognomy altogether, or to look upon it as empirical and delusive.

The belief in it, however, is as deep-seated in the human breast as any other natural instinct: children, though unable to reason upon the subject, are guided by it in their likes and dislikes; and, we doubt not, the lower domestic animals, unenlightened by Lavater, are yet guided by the science which he taught. Burns could not properly have made his canine friends, Luath and Cæsar, dogmatise so finely about "the lords of the creation," had they not been able to read the language of the human face. It is, however, with men, not dogs that we are concerned. "What merchant," asks Lavater, "does not estimate his wares by the physiognomy or appearance of these wares? If he purchase of a distant correspondent, what other means does he use in judging whether they are or are not equal to his expectation? Is not his judgment determined by the colour, the fineness, the superfices, the exterior, the physiognomy? Why does he take one guinea and reject another? Why weigh a third in his hand? Does he not determine according to its colour or impression, its outside? If a stranger enter his shop as a buyer or seller, will he not observe him? Will he not draw conclusions from his

countenance? Will he not, almost before he is out of hearing, pronounce some opinion of him by saying, 'This man has an honest look, this man has a pleasing or a forbidding countenance'?"

"Physiognomy," continues Lavater, "whether understood in its most extensive or confined signification, is the origin of all human decisions, efforts, actions, expectations, fears, and hopes; of all pleasing, and unpleasing sensations that are occasioned by external objects. From the cradle to the tomb, in all conditions and ages, throughout all nations, from Adam to the last existing man, from the worm we tread upon to the most sublime of philosophers, Physiognomy is the origin of all we do and suffer. What judge, wise or unwise, does not sometimes decide of criminals by their appearance? What king would choose a minister without examining his exterior? An officer will not enlist a soldier without thus surveying his appearance, putting his height out of the question. What master or mistress will select a servant without considering his exterior?"

While form constitutes the chief basis of Physiognomy, it cannot afford to neglect substance. If you put copper into the die from which a sovereign is cast, you get a coin which in all respects, save colour, resembles the coin that represents twenty shillings, though its own value would be little more than a farthing. In the same way some men, whose faces are above mediocrity, are little better than cyphers, because they are constitutionally heavy and dull; and others, again, possess a superabundance of vitality that gives them more force than their feeble contours would seem to indicate. These differences are due to the quality or temperament

of the material substance through which the mind operates. Lavater lays great stress upon the temperaments; and any one who overlooks their influence is sure to commit mistakes when drawing deductions from a face or portrait. Hippocrates who flourished 430 B.C. was the first writer who cast light upon the subject. It has since been discussed by Spurzheim, Thomas, Combe, Mrs. Shimelpenninck, and others, all of whom have been guided less or more by the views put forth, fully two thousand years ago, by the illustrious Greek physiologist, who has been deservedly recognised as the father of medicine.* On this theme no one in our own day has written with better effect than the lady just named; and the following brief outline of her system may therefore be acceptable.

All temperaments are divisible into the active and the passive; the active, consisting of the sanguine and choleric, manifest superabundant sensorial power; the passive, comprising the phlegmatic and melancholic, are deficient in sensorial power. Both the sanguine and choleric are better fitted for action than endurance; their attitudes are erect and full of animation; the lines convex; and the muscular fibres sufficiently exercised to give a definite and spirited outline. The flesh is firm, the chest well-developed, the nostril distinctly defined, the eye bright with prompt, decisive expression, the veins are apparent, the hair curls, and the complexion has colour, when not under the influence of

* Mr. L. N. Fowler has, in his various works, ably discussed the subject of the temperaments, and this has been done also by Mr. Nicholas Morgan, in his excellent work, "Phrenology, and How to Use It."

counteracting circumstances. Impulse, rather than habit, governs both: they are set in motion by very small stimuli, and neither of them gives a relish for sedentary pursuits. On the other hand, the passive temperaments are destitute of energy, and dislike action. Their attitudes are spiritless, reposing in virtue of their material weight, not poised by muscular exertion. The nostril is feebly marked, the eyes habitually dull, the hair lank, the complexion colourless, and the veins are invisible. Neither of them is governed by immediate impulse; both dislike bodily activity, and are averse to a variety of pursuits. Though not prompt to action, they, when actually set in motion, go on at such a rate that it is difficult to moderate or arrest their manifestations of excitement. Each temperament in its uncombined condition possesses peculiar advantages and defects. In friendship, for instance, the quickness of the sanguine will enable him at once to perceive the feelings or enter into the tone of his associate; but that same susceptibility of excitement will render his warmest feelings transient and versatile. Then the choleric will generously, and perhaps nobly, serve his friend; but he will find it less easy to sympathise with him than to take up arms in his defence. The melancholic will acutely feel and tenderly sympathise; but he will be quite incapable of any vigorous or active exertion, even in favour of those whom he may devotedly love. The phlegmatic, again, will be steady in his attachment, will go on uniformly serving his friends, but only at a jog-trot pace, neither manifesting sympathy in minute feeling, nor vigorous exertion on their behalf.

The gifted authoress goes on to shew that the temperaments are rarely found in a pure condition, and that their influence upon character is most favourable when they are finely intermixed. "No character," she says, "can possess capacious powers which does not combine two temperaments at least. Nor will the character ever be beautifully humanised or balanced when one of these temperaments is not active and the other passive, yielding together at once an active and a passive power, and in their united operations modifying each other so as to keep the character steady and to form a due balance of activity and repose. Nor, again, can the countenance be truly beautiful without this harmonious variety. Where the countenance exhibits one temperament only, there will be a poverty of expression, and where there are two temperaments of the same order, there will always be a violent overcharge of nearly similar expression. If both temperaments be active, the countenance and character will exhibit a feverish irritability, and utter incapacity of calmness, repose, or stability, either bodily or mental. If, on the contrary, they be passive, then the expression will be languid, weak, and inanimate, wholly deficient in spirit, courage, and energy. It must, however, here be understood that such combinations of like temperaments may not only be perfectly harmonious, but that, by the great emphasis of their own style of expression, they may give the most powerful effect of beauty." *

I earnestly exhort the reader to carry along with him the substance of these remarks, so as to bear fully in

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* "The Principles of Beauty," by MARY ANN SHIMELPENNINCK.

mind the strength or weakness, the beauty or plainness which flow from temperamental influences. Apart altogether from these, we repeat, *form* speaks its own eloquent language, though *substance* may, and generally does, tone it down or render it increasingly expressive. Taking up again the direct thread of my discourse, I may, after what has been already said, assume that all persons admit there is a degree of truth in Physiognomy more or less, that the face is to some extent an index of the mind; our common sense and daily experience testify to that effect, and when this point is conceded, as it will be by most, if not all the readers of these pages, I am in a condition to go forward and attempt to infer, if I cannot precisely prove, that there is not only some measure of agreement between the mental character and the physical figure and face, but that they are ever in harmony with each other, that there is a close parallelism—a perfect duality, rather—between the ethereal principle and its tabernacle of clay.

It is computed that there are more than a billion of human beings existing on the earth; and yet I venture to say that amongst this vast multitude no two persons could be found exactly formed alike. Even as the myriad leaves of the forest differ each from its fellow so that no naturalist has succeeded in getting two identical in shape, size, and shade, so each individual of the *genus homo* differs in a marked degree from all the rest. We can classify the various members of mankind into races, nations, septs, families: and while the members of each of these divisions possess many things in common, each unit has physical characteristics which separate him from every other child of Adam, and on

which depends his distinct individuality. These differences may in some instances be minute; but they are sufficiently marked to hedge round every human creature, and keep his or her personal identity from being merged in the general mass.

Physiognomy takes cognisance of races and nations as well as of individuals. It holds that as, physically, there is a great difference between the tawny Mongolian of the far West, who rears his miserable wigwam of twigs and turf, and the civilised Caucasian, from whose hands spring palaces of crystal which he crowds with the triumphs of science and art, so there is as decided a distinction between their mental characteristics; and that as we do not find men of the highest European development simulating the savage, so it would be impossible for the Hottentot or Polynesian, as we now find him, to construct the Athenian Parthenon, the church of St. Peter's at Rome, or even an ordinary time-piece. It may so happen, however, in the course of ages, that the fierce savage of the present day may become intellectual and refined, and it is quite possible, as proved by historical experience, that some European nations may lose their high position, and sink anew into the mire of barbarism: in such cases there would be, I doubt not, a corresponding revolution in bodily appearance, so as to indicate to the studious physiognomist the change that had come over the spirit of the people's dream. Historians tell us that the primitive inhabitants of Scotland were rude and savage of aspect, painting their bodies to seem still more sinister; and it may be safely concluded that they did not differ more externally than mentally from the present population. The same remarks apply

to all other races who have passed through a similar experience. Undoubtedly the outward aspects presented by the sons of violence and their degraded victims all over the world will be revolutionised in the millennial days that are yet to dawn; when the scenes depicted by the poet and foretold by the prophets come to be realised:

"Where barbarous hordes on Scythian mountains roam
Truth, mercy, freedom, yet shall find a home;
Where'er degraded nature bleeds and pines,
From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines,
Truth shall pervade th' unfathomed darkness there,
And light the dreadful features of despair.
Hark! the stern captive spurns his heavy load,
And *asks the image back that heaven bestowed;*
Fierce in his eye the fire of valour burns,
And, as the slave departs, THE MAN RETURNS."

Whether it is the mind that acts upon the body to produce an alteration upon it, corresponding with the mental change, or whether there is a reciprocal action between them, Physiognomy does not seek to decide. It contends, as I have already said, that the material or seen is a constant copy of the immaterial and impalpable. This is the sum and substance of the science. To amplify an idea already expressed, we never find even twin children perfectly alike. They generally resemble each other very much in form; and when they do so, they will be similar in talents, temper, pursuits, and tone of voice—even down to the minutest particular. Still, to the keen eye of the critical physiognomist, and more so to the microscopic vision of a mother's love, a distinction in their features will be visible, and this dis-

tinction will be the measure of their difference in ability and disposition. To the casual observer, the children may be so much the same as to reflect, mirror-like, the very image of each other; but consult her who has borne and nursed them, on this point, and she will tell you at once that they are readily distinguished by the fond maternal glance; and that she has noticed a higher degree of sweetness it may be, or more pliability of temper, in the one than in the other; and ask the experienced physiognomist, and he will be able to corroborate the mother's statement, and to go a step further, by pointing out how he knows that James is more self-willed and stubborn and less tractable than John.

This disparity of features, I repeat, whatever its amount, exists from the birth of both these children, and continues or diminishes according as their characters become more assimilated or contrasted; and when the shaft of death disembodies the fraternal spirits, after a sojourn of twenty, fifty, or any number of years, the history of their pilgrimage here below will be imprinted on the lifeless clay left behind. This latter remark, I need scarcely add, has a general application: not a striking thought that has been brooded over, strong passion indulged in, or good deed done, in every case, as well as in this typical one, but has been telegraphed to the facial index, and photographed there; and on that fleshly tablet the eye of the omniscient Judge sees written, as with the pen of the recording angel, the errors, and sins, and virtues of the spirits arrived at His bar to receive their everlasting award. I do not say that the most accomplished physiognomist could thus

read a soul's history by studying the fashion of its earthly fabric—none but the Creator is competent for such a task—but that it is thus written I truly believe, though it may never be possible for man to decipher all the hieroglyphics employed upon the record.

For proof of the principle which underlies this statement, the reader is referred to his own observations in the world. Few persons have lived in it up to manhood or womanhood but have seen some of their school companions fall away from the paths of virtue, thoroughly embruted. I have known several individuals within my own experience pass through the various descending stages which Hogarth portrays so vividly in his "Industry and Idleness": diverging at first slightly from the lines of innocence, gradually straying to a remoter distance from them, and at last getting completely bewildered in the labyrinths of error and crime. Then what a change was noticeable in the visage of these lost ones! In most localities there are to be seen some miserable beings thoroughly overmastered by intemperance, or other vicious habit, and to which they have long been slaves. In all such cases be assured their looks will betray them. The heavy, lowering brow; the thick, hard under lip; the retreating, or it may be the swelled, deformed under-face, all indicate their debasing courses, and are assuredly the results of sensual indulgence. They were once in early life comparatively pure in mind, and comely to look upon; now the pursuit of vice has degraded their entire nature, moral and physical. Each one of these poor victims feels, unless all feeling be gone from them, the thought expressed in the touching lines:

"No more, no more, oh, never more on me
The freshness of the heart shall fall like dew;
Which out of all the lovely things we see,
Extracts emotions beautiful and new,
Hived in our bosom like the bag o' the bee."

But suppose them to be arrested in their downward career, and brought anew into the paths of sobriety and virtue; suppose them to continue for a series of years reformed in conduct and manifesting the practical fruits of penitence; in that case would anyone venture to say that there would be no perceptible alteration in the features of these redeemed inebriates? When the prodigal son of the parable "came to himself," and was welcomed home by his father, and the order given by the old man to his servants had been put in force: "Bring forth the best robe and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet;"—this change of rich apparel for tattered raiment was quite in keeping with the mental change which the contrite wanderer had experienced; and it would harmonise well with the face he would by and by begin to wear, in contrast to what it was while "wasting his substance in riotous living," or while, hunger-stricken after his exhaustive carouses, longing "for the husks that the swine did eat."

CHAPTER II.

TYPICAL FACES—A DEGRADED CHARACTER—A MAN OF WORTH AND WISDOM—WHITEFIELD—LUTHER—THE QUESTION OF CONGRUITY.

THIS is the physiognomy of one poor unhappy victim of the Bottle Fiend who died many years ago, the inmate

of a poorhouse. Though sketched from memory, it is sufficiently correct. Let the reader look at it, and ask what the character of the original must have been. No one, however ignorant of scientific physiognomy, would expect displays of moral greatness, high intellectual conceptions, or sallies of genial humour from such a visage. Animalism is impressed on every lineament.

Sensual indulgence without enjoyment, a ceaseless preying of the vulture passion are perceptible; and the conclusion is irresistible that this must have been the face of a bad, degraded, and miserable man. He was even so—an inebriate of the lowest kind, one who went prowling about, restless as the mythical wandering Jew, goaded by a quenchless appetite for strong drink, descending to every species of debasement, and committing many petty larcenies in order that he might be able to silence for a moment the everlasting cry of the demon within him, Give, give! Yet this same individual, so thoroughly vitiated, was once a sprightly, active, and intelligent youth, with an appearance that might have been attractive to a lady's eye; presenting a marked contrast, therefore, to that of the brutalised creature he had become before his death. He, alas! was not reclaimed. But I have known of others who had fallen nearly as low, being rescued and brought back to their right mind like the prodigal son; and can testify that their physiognomy experienced an improvement corresponding with their amended character.

Whatever the natural bent or the habitual vice be, it becomes enstamped upon the features: intemperance, sordidness, love of lucre, sensuality, malice, cruelty, inordinate pride, excessive vanity—all affect the countenance, each giving to it its own peculiar impress. In like manner, sobriety, prudence, meekness, benevolence, magnanimity, and the other virtues, mould or modify the face by being lodged within the mind or heart.

We might *prima facie*, without adducing evidence at all, expect this to be the case: the spirit of man is immaterial, and must of necessity carry on its intercourse with the material world by material organs; this being so, the organs must agree with, or be assimilated to, the ethereal principle which directs them. Take for example the sentiment of covetousness, the indulgence of which makes a miser. The man who cherishes it till he becomes its slave, makes gold his thought by day, and dream by night. It is to him the *summum bonum*—the one thing needful, to which all else in heaven and earth must be subordinated. His mind then, perpetually running in this course, must, I conceive, acquire a cast from it, "as streams their channels deeper wear"; and since there is an intimate connection between the seat of the nervous system and the face, or rather the whole form, can it be counted strange that in the lapse of time his features and gait should betray the passion by which he is ruled?

Besides this, physiological science can be appealed to, I believe, with success to strengthen the conceptions, and confirm the deductions of Physiognomy. The anatomy of the brain and face shows, I have been told, that the foundations of Lavater's system lie embedded in the

cerebrum, the material arcanum of the soul, deposited there by Nature's own hand, and therefore indestructible. I understand it has been shown satisfactorily by professional experts, that there is such an inseparable connection betwixt the nervous matter of the brain and the nerves and muscles of the face, as to justify the belief, that the latter obey the bidding and conform to the guidance of the former, so that the motive power operating upon its agents is mirrored in the human countenance, that most wonderful of all God's works here below.

Leaving this part of the subject, let me ask the reader to contrast this portrait with the one previously given, and say if he does not receive quite a different impression from the one than from the other. On this face is pencilled as with a sunbeam, calm, cheerful, philosophic content. Could a being burdened with guilty cares and whose life is habitually devoted to that pleasure which "with pain purchased doth inherit pain" carry on his countenance such a serene and joyous air? No, truly: this face bespeaks tranquility of mind, and also exalted intellect; it is, in short, the physiognomy of a good, wise, and able man; of one whom we could unhesitatingly trust; whose word would be as good as his bond; whose

counsel would be prized in the gate, and on whose brow "shame itself would be ashamed to sit."

Here is another noble face—the index strong and unmistakable of a great mind. Look at it as a whole, mark the individual features, and say if you would not expect glowing benignity and vast intellectual power from the possessor of such a visage. After scrutinising

it carefully you will not wonder to be told that this is George Whitefield, the most impressive pulpit orator, perhaps, of modern times. The brow high and massive, the nose broad-backed, well-shaped, and also slightly upturned at the top (as is the case in the portraits of many eminent speakers), the expanded nostrils, the

short, finely-curved upper lip, the gracefully chiselled lower lip, and the speaking, poetical, persuasive, majestic mouth between; the chin, though a little too heavy, nicely poised and moulded: all are in keeping with the extraordinary character of the man.

Everyone has heard, I dare say, about the overpowering eloquence of this apostle of Methodism, and champion of the Christian faith. Sometimes, by his bursts of oratory, he laid prostrate, as with lightning stroke, not merely the uncultured multitude, but learned and captious men who "came to scoff," and remained to admire, if not "to pray." We are told by his biographer that on one occasion Lord Chesterfield, the accomplished high-priest of fashion, forgot his character, and even lost his identity when brought under the transforming glamour of Whitefield's eloquence. The preacher was illustrating the miserable condition of a benighted sinner by the simile of a blind beggar wandering about without a guide. "The night is dark," he said, "the road dangerous, the poor, sightless mendicant nigh the edge of a precipice is deserted by his dog, and has nothing with him to grope his way save his iron-pointed staff." Whitefield so warmed with the subject, and unfolded it with such graphic power that his hearers lay hushed in breathless silence when watching the pictured movements of the poor old man; so that when the mendicant had taken, or seemed about to take, the fatal step which would have hurled him sheer down into the abyss below, the sympathetic audience quaked with terror, and Chesterfield, making a rush forward to save him, cried out audibly, "Good God, he is gone!" The noble lord had forgotten that the whole scene was

but a picture. Would that he had recognised in it a resemblance of himself!

All speakers possessed of a ready and fluent utterance show a fulness in the lower jaw such as we see in this face of Whitefield. It is very conspicuous in the portraits of Massillon and of Dr. Chalmers; and those who are familiar with the physiognomies of Alessandro Gavazzi and of John B. Gough must have noticed in them the same peculiarity, as if the copious jaw were a factory or storehouse for the winged sentences which they shower forth in such marvellous profusion. The eloquence of Gavazzi and of Gough is essentially of the same type; and though the Italian is more massively built than the Saxon, they resemble each other in the nose and lower features, and possess the same bilious and fiery temperament.

Here is another "counterfeit presentment" of a noble mind—yet one that differs essentially from those previously considered. Mark it well! It will be at once recognised by many readers as the portrait of a great historical hero; and even those who are not conversant with the features will see that they belong to no ordinary individual. Observe here, also, the indomitable firmness disclosed by head and face alike, and see how its energy is intensified in all the physiognomical details. This is the solitary man of Erfurt—the world-shaking monk, who, Samson-like, overthrew the pillars of the Papacy and brought bewildered Europe out of its house of bondage. The Apostles Paul and John were both eminent saints, yet how dissimilar in character!—the one fierce and intrepid, the other mild and conciliatory; and I doubt not their

external appearance presented a corresponding contrast. The stern soul of the apostle to the Gentiles was, I conceive, housed in a congenial body, and could not possibly have dwelt in the softer and feebler form that leaned so lovingly on our Saviour's breast. In Luther and his colleague, Melancthon, we find a similar dis-

parity; and I believe the world has never yet seen a man possessing qualifications at all resembling those of Luther who was not as like him in features as in character, and as unlike "Master Philip," the "quiet sower" of Leipsic.

The bodily configurations of these two great reformers

strikingly reflect the mental sketch given of both by Luther himself, and is equally corroborated by the biographies of each. "I was born," he said, "to enter the field of battle, and to contend with factions and demons. Hence my writings breathe war and tempest. I must root up the trunks, remove the thorns and the brambles, and fill up the marshes and the pools. I am the sturdy wood-cutter, who must clear the passage and level the ground; but Master Philip advances calmly and softly; he digs and plants, sows and waters joyously, in accordance with the gifts which God has with so liberal a hand bestowed upon him." The body of Luther accorded with the arch-spirit it enshrined, every limb being also, I doubt not, in harmony with the general outline of face and form; for as soon would I expect to see an orange grow on an apple-branch, or the mane of the forest king fall down over the neck of the peaceful deer, as the stout warrior-arm, owned by a soul of the Luther type, forming part of the physical structure of a meek spirit like Melancthon.

These latter remarks lead me to say, that in homogeneous persons the bodily form, except when changes are made in it by accident or disease, is always harmoniously balanced. Lavater, indeed, holds that this rule is applicable to every individual, whether mentally congenial, or the reverse; but after entertaining the same opinion for many years, I have been led to believe that ill-balanced minds seldom, if ever, occupy well-balanced bodies, and that it does not necessarily follow because a man happens to have a good nose that he must also be the fortunate possessor of a well-formed brow and chin. Symmetrical mind, symmetrical body, should I think be

received as a physiognomical axiom; and as eccentric, wayward individuals abound in this world, wise and dutiful to-day, stupid and erratic to-morrow, it seems to me very obvious that the law laid down by Lavater in the following passage, is of limited application; though the leading principle which pervades it may be undeniable. "The same vital powers," he says, "that make the heart beat, give motion to the finger. Art is at variance with herself, but that is not the case with Nature, whose creation is progressive. From the heart to the back, from the shoulder to the arm, from the arm to the hand, and from the hand to the finger there is a determinate effect of a determinate power. The finger of one body is not adapted to the hand of another body. Each part of an organised body is an image of the whole. The blood in the extremity of the finger has the character of the blood in the heart. The same congeniality is found in the nerves, in the bones; one spirit lives in all. Each member of the body is in proportion to that whole of which it is a part. As from the length of the smallest member, the smallest joint of the finger, the proportion of the whole, the length and breadth of the body may be found, so also may the form of each single part. When the head is long all is long, or round when the head is round, or square when it is square; one form, one mind, one root appertaining to all. There is in each organised body so much a whole that without discord, destruction, or deformity, nothing can be added or diminished."

If, according to this theory, all men's faces were harmoniously formed, and their faculties, as a consequence, co-operated lovingly in bringing about certain results,

human life would manifest far more uniformity for good or evil than has yet been seen in this world: the brave would be always courageous, the good rarely, if ever, unamiable, and never seriously depraved, the wise would never play the part of fools; on the other hand, the habitually timid would be incapable of heroism, the bad would be always pursuing wayward courses, and for unwise folks "motley" would ever be the only wear. As well might perfection be sought for among the sons of men as a character that is in every respect homogeneous. Our first progenitor may have owned a face of perfectly symmetrical type, the visible reflex of the harmony that dwelt within his breast; but after being driven from Eden's bowers as a consequence of sin, he would, we may easily conceive, experience a radical change, corporeally as well as morally, though never losing altogether the image of God in which he was created. For a countenance that realises the physiognomical *beau ideal* of symmetry and grace we search in vain among the living population, or through the galleries of art, till we come to the canvas of Raphael, and there "behold the man," stricken, smitten, thorn-crowned it may be, but still ravishingly fair. Few finer faces are to be found than that of this great Italian painter, who in delineating the features of Christ rose as if on the wings of inspiration to the heavenly altitude of his theme. Well might his countrymen term him "*Il Divino*." His face was at least semi-seraphic; the genius which it shadowed forth must have enabled him to surmount human imperfections for the time being when engaged in portraying, as man never did before, "God made manifest in the flesh," divinity tabernacled in the perfection of human form.

Though Saul of Tarsus, after his conversion, had his face turned heavenward and his heart set above earthly things, "the law in his members," to which he was a slave in early life, still sought to assert its old supremacy; hence the inward struggle, not without visible evidence, which raged within him till his dying day. With self-contradictory specimens of mankind, biography, ancient and modern, sacred and secular, abounds, a thing that could not have occurred if the hypotheses under notice had not been radically at fault; yet, as is elsewhere shown in this essay, and as common experience does not fail to teach, the lives of most men and women are consistent to this extent, that they manifest powers, desires, and tendencies that when grouped together make up the sum of their respective characters, and enable us to say of them that they are able and virtuous, foolish and wicked, intellectually gifted without being either wise or good, weak-minded yet amiable, or so full of ordinary monotones that they contribute no notes of either discord or sweetness to the music of humanity, though it does not follow that quiet people of the latter sort are mere social cyphers as they pass along "the even tenor of their way." In so far as the various units of these groups manifest a leading line or bent of conduct, the habit of their lives will be so mirrored in their countenances as to realise the thoroughly congruous faces of which Lavater speaks. But I repeat, no such harmony of features need be looked for in characters that are of a "mingled yarn," or in which a cross pattern has been confusedly wrought out by warp and woof.

CHAPTER III.

TYPICAL FACES CONTINUED—NAPOLEON—BURNS—CHAMBERLAIN—SHAKSPEARE.

So well known is the face of the first Napoleon, that it was scarcely necessary for me, in noticing it as a type of the highest mental power, to present a likeness of it here. Some members of his family have borne, and still bear, a resemblance to him; it is well for the world that it is not close, like that of the "Corsican Brothers." Alone, among the Bonapartes, stands Napoleon the Great—alone, also, among modern men; and it is to be hoped we shall never see his like again, or a portrait of anyone that will suggest the remark: "This is the precise image of the first Emperor of the French." Intellectually considered, I should think the face has had few parallels in either ancient or modern times. Some of the old Roman coins preserve portraits—those of Julius Cæsar and Constantine the Great, for instance—that show as much force of character; but for resolute will, combined with an ability "to make the firstlings of his head the firstlings of his hand," the face of Napoleon stands all but unrivalled. Beneath a brow, broad rather than high, comes forth a massive nose, that is so beautifully shaped, by having its essentially acquiline type toned down by a Grecian terminus, that it seems less protuberant than those of Constantine or Sesostris. The mouth, harmonising with the other lineaments, is thin-lipped and firmly set; full of latent fire doubtless; the emotion of which it is the seat, however, being kept under full control by an

iron will, which could not tolerate displays of tenderness, generosity, pity, or love, when these would have interfered in the least degree with its own free course. The chin, too, is finely chiselled and well set forward, with scarcely a trace of luxurious indulgence or

sensuality; its graceful curves reflecting in their contour the mental supremacy of which I have already spoken.

Napoleon could be, and often was, as impassive as a Sphinx; his portrait is somewhat of an enigma to those who think of him only as the mightiest brigand of his

day; I can easily see from it that the man himself could never have been noted for magnanimity, benevolence, or goodness of any kind, and that his greatness must have been intrinsically inferior to that of England's royal Alfred, or Scotland's hero-king, Robert Bruce; but for all that, Napoleon looks much better on the canvas of the artist than he does in the pages of the historian; the portrait going far to justify what is thought of him by many Frenchmen of the present time; and what Victor Hugo makes a youthful admirer of him say, after the defeat at Waterloo.* Addressing a party of fellow-students, Marius is represented as exclaiming: "If you will not have that great man (Napoleon), what great man would you have?—He had everything—he was complete; and in his brain was the cube of human faculties. He made codes like Justinian, and dictated like Cæsar; his conversation blended the lightning of Pascal with the thunder of Tacitus; he made history and wrote it, and his bulletins are Iliads; he combined the figures of Newton with the metaphor of Mahomet. He left behind him in the East words great as the Pyramids; at Tilsit he taught majesty to emperors; at the Academy of Sciences he answered Laplace; at the Council of State he held his own against Merlin; he gave a soul to the geometry of one, and to the sophistry of others, for he was a legist with the lawyers—a sidereal with the astronomers. Like Cromwell, blowing out one of two candles, he went to the Temple to bargain for a curtain tassel; he saw everything—knew everything; but that did not prevent

* "Les Miserables," Chap. xii.

him from laughing heartily by the cradle of his new-born son. And, all at once, startled Europe listened, armies set out, parks of artillery rolled along, bridges of boats were thrown over rivers, clouds of cavalry galloped in the hurricane, and shouts, bugles, and the crashing of thrones could be heard all around: the frontiers of kingdoms oscillated on the map, the sound of a super-human sword being drawn from its scabbard could be heard, and he was seen standing erect on the horizon, with a gleam in his hand and a splendour in his eyes, opening, in the thunder, his two wings—the Grand Army and the Old Guard. He was the archangel of war." The speaker closed his eulogium by asking what more France could desire than to be ruled by such a man—to be the Great Nation under him—"to sound a Titanic flourish of trumpets through history; to subdue the world twice by conquest and by amaze-ment"? Then came a response from one of the audience, which well-nigh made the panegyric collapse. "France wants, what is greater than all this," said Combeferre—"to be free!"

"Conquerors," says Mr. Carlyle, "are a race with which the world could well dispense; but a true poet, a man in whose heart resides some affluence of wisdom, some love of the 'eternal melodies,' is the most precious gift that can be bestowed on a generation; we see in him a freer, purer development of what ever is noblest in ourselves; his life is a rich lesson to us, and we mourn his death as of that of a benefactor who loved and taught us. Such a gift had Nature in her bounty bestowed on us in Robert Burns, and so kind and warm a soul, so full of unborn riches, of love to all living and lifeless things!

How his heart flows out in sympathy over universal Nature; and in her bleakest provinces discerns a beauty and a meaning!—a true poet soul, for it needs only to be struck, and the sound it yields will be music. But observe him chiefly as he mingles with his brother men. What warm, all-comprehending fellow-feeling, what trustful, boundless love, what generous exaggeration of the object loved! Poverty is indeed his companion, but love also and courage; the simple feelings, the worth, the nobleness that dwell under the straw roof are dear and venerable to his heart; and thus, over the lowest provinces of man's existence he pours the glory of his own soul; and they rise in shadow and in sunshine, softened and brightened into a beauty which other eyes discern not in the highest. He has a just self-consciousness which too often degenerates into pride, yet it is a noble pride, for defence, not for offence; no cold, suspicious feeling, but a frank and social one."

This is in brief a true portrait of Burns, drawn by a master hand; and the face of the poet when fair Nithsdale first looked upon it, was but a reflex of the mental characteristics delineated in the picture, though it altered for the worse when afterwards the plaint was wrung from him:—

> "Oppressed wi' grief, oppressed wi' care,
> A burden more than I can bear,
> I sit me down and sigh."

Of the poet's outward man, as he looked when in his prime, I have elsewhere given a sketch, part of which may be here perhaps appropriately reproduced. "Five feet ten inches in height, firmly built, symmetrical, with more of the roughness of a rustic, than the polish

of a fine gentleman, there was something in his bearing that bespoke conscious pre-eminence; and the impress thus communicated was confirmed by his swarthy countenance, every lineament of which indicated mental

wealth and power: the brow broad and high, the eyes like orbs of flame, the nose well formed, though a professional physiognomist would have said that it was deficient in force; the mouth impassioned, majestic, tender, as if the social affections and poetic muse had

combined to take posession of it; and the full, rounded, dimpled chin which made the manly face look more soft and lovable."

This is a countenance that is not less rare and unique than that of Napoleon, and they contrast with each other just as much as the sensibility, ardour, and all-embracing benevolence of the peasant-poet differed from the cold, unfeeling, imperious egotism of the Gallican Cæsar. In the former a large, loving heart led the intellectual faculties; in the latter a large calculating head bore remorseless sway. If the nose of the poet had been energetic in size and form, his lips thin, and therefore less emotional, and his chin lean and sharp, his life might have been more blameless, but he certainly would never have become the "High chief of Scottish song," or founded for himself an empire in the hearts of his countrymen; and when the "Little Corporal" received from Dame Nature an imperial face, of which a Græco-Roman nose was but the leading feature, it was but the horoscope of his destiny as a mighty conqueror and a ruler of men through the force of his iron will backed by the power of the sword.

With the appearance of the leading men who shape the political fortunes of the British Empire at the present day, the reader can scarcely but be familiar. Generally speaking their faces show such a capacity for rule as, apart altogether from their sayings and doings, vindicates their high position. Passing by our elderly and more experienced statesmen, let us dwell for a minute on one of the youngest members of the Gladstone Government, the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, as his facial outline, though comparatively little known,

indicates an extraordinary amount of mental power, and a rare capacity for turning it to full practical account. His countenance is that of a man who could scarcely have been kept obscure by any extent of adverse circumstances. If he had been born in a garret or a

cellar, with the lot of a "gutter child" to begin with, he would have arisen out of these antecedents as surely as the butterfly out of grubdom, if not as easily as the bird that soars away skyward from its lowly home; but no malignant star ruled the horoscope of the embryo

statesman. Favoured by worldly good fortune as well as by rich natural endowments, it is no wonder that he rose rapidly into prominence; and very probably higher offices and wider spheres of influence than any he has yet occupied will fall to his lot, and gratify the boundless ambition with which he is accredited.

Energy is traceable in every lineament of his face. A resolute will, a force that sweeps away obstacles which would daunt an ordinary man, and arrest the march of many who are neither destitute of ability or courage. Indeed, the intellectual force, as betokened by the resolute eyes, the fierce, knitted eyebrows, the broad-backed colossal nose, with its upturned tip of self-assertion, the compressed lips, and the advancing chin, must some time prove to its owner like an over supply of steam to a locomotive; and it must confer upon him positive pleasure when he can spend a portion of it in punishing his adversaries, whose name is Legion, and in combating what is called "the force of circumstances," to which so many of us are slaves, but to which he is never tamely submissive. Fortunately for himself and for those who are subject to his influence, Mr. Chamberlain has plenty of judgment to regulate his tremendous energy, and a full store of benevolence to temper it with mercy and love; while the mouth, though it is persistently firm, can and does relax when subjected to the spells of poetry and art; and the chin, in spite of its vigour, is round enough to show that he is no cynic, but sympathetic and social.

The distinguished phrenologist, Mr. L. N. Fowler (whom I have already referred to as an authority on the temperaments), in delineating the cranological develop-

ment of Mr. Chamberlain, arrives at conclusions similar to those that are deducible from the face. "The head," says Mr. Fowler, "is high in the crown. Ambition is a strong feature of his character, and by it he is powerfully stimulated. Firmness is large and prompt in action. He is not long in making up his mind, but adheres tenaciously to his decisions when made. Height of head indicates an elevated tone of mind, and sources of enjoyment superior to the animal and inferior nature. Such brains recognise a higher law and responsibility than common."*

At the time I write (1882), Mr. Chamberlain is President of the Board of Trade, and has proved himself to be possessed of considerable literary qualifications as well as a prodigious energy, and a capacity for business in which he is excelled by few, if any, of our public men.

Nearly the whole case against the anti-physiognomists might be hazarded on the die which the face of Shakspeare presents. Emphatically the poet of mankind and of all time, no portrait known exhibits such a cosmopolitan set of features as his, each supremely noble, and all combining to make up a countenance that is worthy of being termed semi-divine. No mere human writings have exercised such an influence upon the world as those of "Gentle Will," this being due to his possession of unrivalled resources of fancy, wit, humour,

* *Phrenological Magazine* for January, 1882, p. 2. The *Magazine* is ably conducted by Mr. Alfred T. Story, who also contributes to it occasional papers on Physiognomy, to which I have been much indebted.

inventiveness, philosophy, wisdom, and accumulated knowledge.

> "Each phase of many-coloured life he drew,
> Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;
> Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
> And panting Time toiled after him in vain."

"See what a grace is seated on his brow." Look at it for a moment, and say if this capacious "dome of thought" does not of itself put to shame the idea that its fine shape and extraordinary amplitude had no direct connection with "As You Like It," "The Merchant of Venice," "Othello," "Macbeth," or "Hamlet," and that the creations of his genius might all the same have

emanated from a mind incased in a small, ill-formed brain. Then mark how the lordly brow is kept in countenance by the other features: the vast sweep of the finely-pencilled arches, below which eyes serene, yet radiant, gleam as from a shrine; the great breadth between the eyes, necessitated by the intervening feature which sweeps down in Græco-Roman fashion, long, massive, and graceful; the mouth firm, sweet, emotional, "tender and true"; the atmosphere of mingled repose and dignity in which the whole visage is swathed; and say if the portrait be not, from the physiognomical point of view, almost as thoroughly Shakspearian as any of the matchless productions to which the owner of it has given birth.

CHAPTER IV.

Individual Features—The Brow—The Eyes—The Eyebrows.

Dwelling no further on typical faces of a high class, which might be greatly multiplied, I subjoin a few remarks which will naturally lead us on to the examination of individual features for the purpose of finding out what they severally mean. Physiognomy draws its deductions from the countenance as seen in repose, the dead outline—irrespective of what is vaguely called the expression of the face—being what it has to deal with, and this can be done most satisfactorily by a survey of the profile. When a profile is presented for observation, mark first its appearance as a whole, then its component parts. The brow may be first noticed, and the principles of the kindred science, Phrenology, be brought in to scan its dimensions and gauge its character.

Lavater tells us never to look for much intellect from a narrow forehead, Gall and Spurzheim do the same. A long forehead, according to the former, denotes more comprehension, but relatively less firmness and activity than one which is shorter and more compressed. When the forehead runs straight down from the hair to the eyebrows imbecility is indicated. When it projects, and the projection is not occasioned by amplitude of brain, as measured from the opening of the ear, be sure that weakness, and what we Scotch call doureness, are both indicated by the feature. When the brain immediately above the eyebrows is well defined and firmly arched it furnishes a sure token of inherent greatness.

Of the eyebrows I can say little, though they are deemed of no small importance by the physiognomist. When weak, and set up high on the brow, profound thought need not be looked for, nor yet ordinary prudence, since the nearer the eyebrows are to the seat of vision the more earnest, profound, and resolute is the character. When they are strong, shaggy, and interrupted, as we see them in the portraits of Schiller, Dr. Chalmers, and Sir Walter Scott, they denote mental force, activity, and enthusiasm.* "Thick, black, strong eyebrows," says Lavater, "which decline downwards, and appear to lie close upon the eye, shading deep, large eyes, and accompanied by a sharp indented, uninterrupted wrinkle of the cheek, which, on the slightest emotion, manifests contempt, disdain, and cold derision,

* Hope elevates the corners of the eyebrow, opens the eyes wide, and turns them upward, giving an open and pleasant expression to the whole countenance.—"How to Read Character," by T. R. Wells.

having above them a conspicuously bony forehead, are only to be consulted for advice when revenge is sought, or the brutal desire of doing injury to others is entertained." "I never yet," says the same authority, "saw a profound thinker, or even a man of fortitude and prudence, with weak high eyebrows, that in some measure equally divided the forehead. Angular, strong, interrupted eyebrows ever denote fire and productive activity. The nearer the eyebrows are to the eyes, the more earnest, deep, and firm the character."

Not without reason have the eyes been called the windows of the soul, through which it surveys external nature, establishes a sympathy with kindred minds, and expresses all the emotions which it is capable of forming. What says Shakspeare, regarding these orbs of light and love as possessed by the gentle sex?

> "From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive:
> They sparkle with the true Promethean fire;
> They are the arts, the books, the academies,
> That show, contain, and nourish all the world."

In order to describe the eyes of a beautiful woman, Spenser has to use still bolder language:

> "Compare her eyes,
> Not to the sun, for they do shine by night;
> Not to the moon, for they are changing never;
> Not to the stars, for they have purer light;
> Not to the fire, for they consume not ever;
> But to the Maker's self they likest be,
> Whose light doth lighten all things here we see."

The poets have exhausted their resources on this

pregnant theme, yet the flash, the sparkle, the softened radiance, and the brilliant blaze which beam from the human eye with a language which does not always bring its own interpretation, have never been adequately described, and must be felt to be understood.

Too subtle for the poet, the eye lies almost beyond the ken of the physiognomist, though some general deductions can be drawn by him from its size, shape, and colour. He associates gravity, thoughtfulness, seriousness, and mental power with a large eye; sluggishness, and sometimes craftiness, with a small one; high intellect with a grey eye; fervour of feeling with one of a black hue; and fickleness, though not necessarily deceit, with one of auburn colour. According to Redfield, a person who is more prayerful than humble, has the eye turned habitually upward, so that the upper part of the iris is partly covered by the upper eyelid; the converse being true of one who, unlike the Pharisee, is more humble than devotional. The small eyes of craft and dissimulation, he adds, may often be seen in the gipsies' tent. When the opening between the commissures or lids is wide and round, the amatory feeling is weak; but when almond shaped, it is powerful. The phrenological organ of Form is situated between the eyes, and when largely developed it keeps them widely apart from each other.

With the kind permission of Mr. A. T. Story I quote the following, with its illustrations, from a paper of his that appeared in a recent number of the *Phrenological Magazine*:—

"The more the upper eyelid, or the skin below or

above the ball of the eye, appears projecting and well-defined, the more it shades the pupil, and above retires under the eye-bone (Fig. 1), the more has the character of spirit, refined sense, amorous disposition, and true, sincere, and constant delicacy. Eyes which show the whole of the pupil, and white below and above it (Fig. 2) are either in a constrained and unnatural state, or only observable in restless, passionate, half-simple persons, and never in such as have a correct, mature, sound, unwavering understanding. Fixed, wide-open, projecting eyes (Fig. 3) in insipid countenances, are pertinacious without firmness, dull and foolish with pretension to wisdom, cold, though they wish to appear warm, but are only suddenly heated, without inherent warmth.

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

"A clear, thick, roof-shaped, overshadowing eyebrow, says Lavater, which has no wild, luxuriant bushiness, is always a certain sign of a sound, manly, mature understanding; seldom of original genius; never of volatile, aerial, amorous tenderness, and spirituality. Such eyebrows may indicate statesmen, councillors, framers of plans, experimentalists; but very seldom bold, aspiring, adventurous minds of the first magnitude.

"Horizontal eyebrows, rich and clear, always denote

understanding, coldness of heart, and capacity for framing plans. Wild eyebrows are never found with a mild, ductile, pliable character, Eyebrows waving above the eyes—short, thick, interrupted, neither long nor broad—for the most part denote capacious memory, and are only found with ingenious, flexible, mild, and good characters.

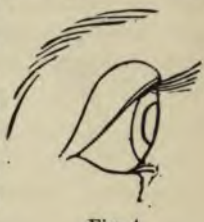

Fig. 4.

"Eyes with weak, small eyebrows, with little hair, and very long concave eyelashes (Fig. 4), denote partly a feeble constitution of body, and partly a phlegmatic, melancholic weakness of mind."

The eye can speak the language of love better than the tongue; and I venture to suggest the hypothesis, that when woman wields her optical oratory under the stimulus of the tender passion, it is chiefly, if not entirely through the left eye. This statement is submitted with diffidence, but in the full belief that it is as much a law of nature for the sentiment of love to express itself through the eye nearest the heart, as it is for the arm which is furthest away from that organ to be used as man's chief instrument in works of force and skill. The eyes, which constitute a pair, almost always differ from each other in size and shape, though usually the discrepancy is not great enough to strike any but minute observers. It is by no means rare to find an individual with one eye blue and the other grey. A still greater disparity in form is displayed by the ear. I have seen even on a handsome face one ear decidedly larger, and set up higher or lower than its

fellow: all these modifications in the organs of seeing and hearing being doubtless designed to subserve some good purpose, though we may not be able to unravel their full significance.

CHAPTER V.

INDIVIDUAL FEATURES CONTINUED—PARAMOUNT SIGNIFICANCE OF THE NOSE—THE MODEL ONE OF LAVATER—THE ROMAN—THE GREEK—THE JEWISH—THE SNUB—THE CELESTIAL.

ACCORDING to a well-known story, a successful snuff-merchant who was able, out of the profits of his business, to set up a carriage, placed the family crest on its panel with the words, "Who could have thought it, that noses would have bought it." But certain kinds of noses have been the means, in another sense, of realising multitudes of things of incomparably more value than a coach and pair. Wellington could scarcely have won Waterloo but for his nasal organ of fighting type and colossal size; and the Rothschilds owe their immense richness in a great degree to the money-making nose of their family and their race. The achievements of the nose in these respects and in the domains of science, art, and literature of all kinds are indeed so great as to render the snuff-merchant's motto the reverse of complimentary. The idea that the capacity of the organ can be gauged by its carriage-purchasing power, is fitted to make even the modest melancholy nose that droops habitually downward turn up in wonder and disdain.

So significant is the nose, that an entire treatise would be needed for the full development of its symbolic character. Describe to me a tame, feeble driveller

—one who starts at his own shadow, who turns like a weather-vane with every gale that blows, who, if he forms a purpose, flees away from his own conception, and fancies that the breath of zephyr is the voice of a lion roaring in his path: tell me of such a timid changeling, and though I may never have seen him in the flesh, I shall be able to form a fair idea of his features, or to affirm at least that he has not the nose of a Cæsar Borgia or of a Wellington. It will infallibly be limited in size, and display the waving lines of indecision in its shape. If it have any bridge at all, there will probably be a concave line below it, and assuredly a similar curve above; and its whole contour will contrast with this feature as it appears in the portrait of Luther, so famed for his lion-hearted courage.

Lavater when discoursing upon the nose rises into poetic enthusiasm; and on such a theme I cannot wonder at his fervour. The perfectly beautiful nose, he tells us, should equal the length of the forehead. At the top there should be a gentle indenting. Viewed in front, the back should be broad, with the breadth increasing above the centre. The end or bottom must be neither hard nor fleshy, and its under outline must be remarkably definite, well delineated, neither pointed nor yet very broad. Viewed in profile, the bottom of the nose should not be more than one third of its entire length. The nostrils must be pointed above, round below, have in general a gentle curve, and be divided into equal parts by the profile of the upper lip. The sides or arch of the nose must be a kind of wall, above it must close well with the arch of the eye-bone, and near the eye must be at least half an inch in breadth. Summing up his sketch

of this model feature, Lavater exclaims, "Such a nose as this is of more worth than a kingdom."

All my readers will recollect Hamlet's description of his father's portrait, when contrasting it with that of his uncle.

> "Look here upon this picture, and upon this,
> The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
> See what a grace was seated on this brow!
> Hyperion's curls the front of Jove himself;
> An eye like Mars to threaten and command,
> A station like the herald Mercury
> New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
> A combination, and a form indeed,
> Where every god did seem to set his seal
> To give the world assurance of a man."

It will be observed that Shakspeare does not here particularise the most prominent feature—the nose of the royal Dane. The want, however, could readily be supplied, since "an eye like Mars to threaten and command" could only have been accompanied by a nose resembling the pattern one of Lavater. It must have been big, broad-backed, arched above the bridge, and in other respects Roman in its configuration.

This is no fanciful notion, but one of sober rationality. No person of first-class character ever lived in which this feature was ill-shaped and diminutive; and where it is nobly developed grace will ever be seated on the brow, and great sentiments will occupy the soul. The military nose is seen to perfection in the portraits of Wellington; without one of that shape, or something very like it, "The Iron Duke" would not have gathered laurels in India, and in the Peninsula, or, as already remarked, reached the climax of heroism at Waterloo. When we

read the memoirs of any great combatant, one skilled in the art of war, and personally courageous, and wish to summon up his likeness to the mind's eye, we may venture with full assurance to furnish him with a nose of this type; for the portraits of all famous warriors, "from Macedonia's madman to the Swede," and from Charles XII. to Sir Charles Napier, the hero of Scinde, present in this respect a family resemblance: the nose being invariably large, and also on the stretch, as if to indicate the high tension of the mental faculties, and the unshrinking firmness of those who "seek the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth."

Many eminent individuals, who rarely or never fought with carnal weapons, display this feature in perfection—vanquishing the difficulties which beset them in virtue of the moral strength which it betokens. It is visible in the portraits of such men as Cato the Censor, Ignatius Loyola, Columbus, Washington, Lord Chatham, and also, as previously mentioned, in that of Martin Luther. When the old pictorial masters delineate Paul upon their canvas they, with the unerring instinct of their art, give him the nose of energetic courage, and of heroic endurance. Had they acted otherwise they would have perpetrated a gross anomaly. They might fittingly enough have supplied "the young man Saul" with a common face when he appeared as a consenting party to the martyrdom of Stephen, but never after he entered upon his apostolic mission and a career of combat, wrestling daily with the powers of darkness, besides being subjected to innumerable physical dangers: "perils of waters, perils of robbers, perils by his own countrymen, perils by the heathen, perils in the wilderness,

perils in the sea, perils among false brethren, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness;" yet passing undauntedly through them all.

By the Roman nose, the masterful race from which it derives its name were usually characterised. The ancient Greeks, who were less valiant but more refined than the Romans, had a different kind of nasal organ, which has also been named after them. Strength is indicated by the former; culture, taste for the fine arts, love of the beautiful, by the latter. The Greek nose is perfectly straight, and though it is by no means incompatible with manly dignity and force, it looks at its best when it appears as a leading feature in female beauty. We see it in the portraits of Mary Stuart, the loveliest lady of her day; with such a bold, acquiline nose as that of her imperious rival, Queen Bess, she would have made a better sovereign, but she would never have been recognised as the queen of beauty and grace. So far as the male gender is concerned, "the perfectly beautiful nose" which Lavater reckoned of more value than a kingdom, must be, I think, such a combination of the Greek with the Roman as showed, in the case of Napoleon, "one born with kings to strive," or in the case of Milton, one who was a leader of men during a revolutionary epoch, as well as the author of an epic in which (if I may be allowed to imitate a Scriptural phrase) sublimity and beauty "embrace each other."

To the young man of good temperament, whose nose juts out half an inch or so in the Roman style, and then, instead of being convex, onwards, like that of Wellington, describes a straight line below a scarcely perceptible

bridge, all things are possible, unless he has been born under a very unlucky star indeed; the victim of such adverse circumstances as are depicted by the poet when he speaks of "some village Hampden," "some mute inglorious Milton," having their energies repressed by penury, living unnoticed and leaving no name behind them.

Every day almost, faces come under my notice that are of a higher class than the positions occupied by their owners. I meet with artisans, mechanics, labourers, even "hewers of wood and drawers of water," who, judging from their physiognomical outlines, might be filling responsible situations with credit had they been lifted into them by such a turn of fortune's wheel as has elevated others who possessed no better facial indications. In most well-educated communities there are, I have been led to think, numerous persons capable of occupying a vanguard place, who never come to the front—that for one who plays a leading part, there are two, three, or more who bear within them a capacity for leadership which requires nothing but favourable circumstances for its development. Comparatively few men and women exercise to the full the capabilities of their nature, or the talents with which they have been entrusted; and in the case of many the promise given by their countenances is only in this life half fulfilled. "I trust I have in my realm five hundred as good as he," said the English king when the news reached him that Hotspur (Earl Percy) had been captured by the Scots at Otterburn; and a similar remark is widely applicable to the brave knights in embryo, though they may not all succeed in winning their spurs. While it is thus true that

"many a flower is born to blush unseen" which if placed in conservatory or parterre would "glad the gazer's eye," it is equally true that many a baleful weed, which throws its noxious odours harmlessly on "the desert air," might do much mischief if brought from its haunts obscure. What I am endeavouring to show by these remarks is that Physiognomy does not of itself reveal the precise social, moral, or intellectual position occupied by any man in the great theatre of life, but what he is apart from his surroundings—what he is capable of becoming for good, under the operation of beneficial agencies, or for evil, should trials and temptations too great for his strength fall to his lot.

It has been rather hastily assumed by many writers that because most of the sculptured figures which had their birth in the land "where burning Sappho loved and sung" are straight-nosed, the Hellenic people generally must have exhibited the same facial type. For this hypothesis no sufficient reason has been assigned; and it would be safer for us to suppose, I think, that during the time when the arts of war not less than the arts of peace were cultivated by the Greeks, they were of a fiercer countenance and had more massive heads than those chiselled by Cleomenes, Phidias, and Praxitales in such specimens of their art as have come down to our own day. With the true instinct of genius, however, the Greek artists, ages before Romulus and Remus lived, gave the masterful nose of Rome to Mars, Jupiter, and Hercules. Under the same inspiration, these sculptors furnish Bacchus with a wavering nose and a sensual underface, and the Satyrs with visages of a still lower type, in which the nasal snub is repulsively conspicuous;

the distinctive nose of Greek art being assigned, however, with less discrimination to very diversified characters; and even the sex of Apollo does not preserve the bold archer-son of Latona from being made to resemble in this respect the soft goddess of love, as charmingly embodied in the Venus de Medici.

I dare say some of my readers, who may have hitherto thought of the nose only as a common-place organ of smell, will wonder at the premier place assigned to it in the science of Physiognomy; but if they study the subject carefully for awhile they will, I feel persuaded, be prepared to endorse all that is said regarding it in these pages. How poor would the world have been but for the people with note-worthy noses of the Greek and the Græco-Roman patterns! These we could not spare like the conquerors whom, according to many besides Carlyle, we could "well dispense with." They make up a brilliant array of eminent essayists, novelists, poets, painters, sculptors, architects, and musicians, among whom we find such interpreters of the beautiful in its various aspects as Petrarch, Spenser, Addison, Raffaelle, Handel, Reubens, Claude Lorraine, Murillo, Titian, Canova, Buffon, Bossuet, Burns, Byron, Shelley, and Dickens; and others in whom the Romanesque trait of the nose largely modifies its Grecian type, and prepares us to look for the addition of much practical energy to their other gifts; this second list comprehending Alfred the Great, Sir Philip Sydney, Sir Walter Raleigh, John Milton, Frederick the Great, John Baptist Colbert, and, with peculiarities of their own, John Knox, John Bunyan, Bishop Tillotson, and Dr. Chalmers.

A broad distinction must be drawn between the noses

that are less Greek than Roman, and those in which the Greek preponderates over the Roman. Were this distinction overlooked by the student, he might be in danger of missing the difference between Milton and Napoleon; the former of whom, we repeat, had the noble Græco-Roman nose of mingled force, tenderness, and refinement, the latter the Romano-Greek nose, which tells that its possessor was crafty, astute, unsentimental, and a very Titan of intellectual power.

All the Syrian races have a peculiar nasal organ. Seen in its most pronounced form among the Hebrews, it is best known as the Jewish nose, and it is sometimes called the hawk nose because it is convex, like the beak of that bird. Bent like a bow, it is also as a rule thin and sharp, but when it is broad-backed a trait is introduced which greatly heightens its significance; this remark applying also to noses of every sort of profile. It indicates craft, shrewdness, worldly wisdom, love of money for its own sake, and such a capacity for making it as is evidenced by no other type. It is not by any means the nose of magnanimity, of exalted intellect, or of brilliant genius, and the Jews, ancient or modern, who have manifested these qualities must have had it modified by the bridge of the Roman, the straight line of the Greek, the breadth of the Cogitative (to be afterwards described), or some other elevating blend. Houndsditch, London, is familiar with the feature in its unmodified form; the dealers in old garments who frequent that famous thoroughfare may be the antitypes of the traffickers whom our Lord drove out of the Temple; but that they bear in this respect the facial aspect of David the sweet singer of Israel, Isaiah the evangelical

prophet, or Daniel, the noble seer and hero, is what I cannot believe; as, if any reliance can be placed in the teachings of Physiognomy, these men must have had a much higher cast of profile than the humble hucksters, or even the wealthy financiers of our own day who claim to be their descendants. The nose of Lord Beaconsfield is Jewish, with a difference, that difference having done much to heighten his success as an author, and help him up the ladder of political greatness.

Nevertheless, the noses under notice are often owned by individuals who are neither sordid nor exactive. If Shylock, "the Jew whom Shakspeare drew," have many amongst us to emulate his ruthlessness and greed, many others of the race are more akin in disposition to the princely Rothschilds; and it does not follow that men who are devoted to money-making must be mean, miserly, and uncharitable. Some who love to amass wealth do not hoard it, but keep their hearts "open as day to melting charity," as if they felt that "it is more blessed to give than to receive"; yet hoarding riches rather than scattering them abroad is what we usually expect to see and find in hawk-nosed people, whether Jew or Christian. Tacitus speaks of avarice as being the one serious blot on the character of the great Vespasian, and the form of that emperor's nose, which is more Jewish than Roman, bears out the statement. The exquisite painter, Correggio, bore the reputation of being very miserly, though we doubt the anecdote recorded of him by his friend Vasari* to the effect that the artist, having received a payment of sixty crowns in copper,

* In "Notes on Noses," p. 95.

carried the precious load home on his own back in hot weather, the excessive fatigue caused by which produced fatal results. His face, however, does not belie the tale, as it is nearly of the pure Hebrew type. I cannot agree with the author of the very clever work just named in the foot-note, when he puts the nose of Adam Smith into the same category, seeing its curve is not continuous, but broken by a slight bridge; yet the intellectual characteristics which he had in common with the Jews, conjoined to those of his own hard-headed countrymen, enabled him to produce his great work, "The Wealth of Nations," and to found, by means of it, the science of political economy.

Men that are distinguished for profound thought often show it by such a broadening of the nose below as encroaches on the cheeks, and makes the nostrils unusually wide. When these signs are displayed by a nose that is otherwise well shaped, the deep meditations indulged in will neither be barren nor Utopian, but yield harvests rich and rare. This Cogitative Nose, as it has been well named, is visible in the portraits of Wickliffe, Knox, Bunyan, Hobbes, Lord Bacon, George Buchanan, Galileo, Newton, Corneille, Cuvier, Descartes, Paley, Wesley, Lord Mansfield, Franklin, Halley, Humboldt, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Sir James Simpson. In many of these instances the end of the nose falls pent-like over the nostrils; the latter, in others, show a large septum or division line called the metaphysical droop; and I have always found men possessing this peculiarity to be good reasoners, as well as deep thinkers. Neither Burns nor Byron had the meditative nose, the afflatus with which they were filled, "the vision and

the faculty divine," giving them the power of spontaneous conception and utterance; but Wordsworth and Tennyson have often had to undergo protracted travail in giving birth to their beautiful effusions, as their biographies tell, and as a glance at their portraits serves equally to show.

With the elongation of the nose as seen in the likeness of Knox, Calvin, George Herbert, Edmund Spenser, and Dante, physiognomists associate deep seriousness if not melancholy; while on the other hand the short upturned nose suggests to them liveliness, flippancy, and sometimes impudence and irreverence, under the promptings of which, "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

The Snub Nose is most frequently met with in the lower strata of society; and those who show it most decidedly, manifest little refinement of manner or feeling. It is the recognised type of debasement, both physical and mental. Though not the growth of poverty alone, yet it crops up in abundance among communities that are poorly fed, miserably housed, badly educated, and favoured with few compensatory advantages. Many of the real Arabs of Asia are hawk-nosed like their Hebrew brethren, but the vagabond classes, the so-called street Arabs of our large European cities, display a nasal peculiarity which is the "badge of all their tribe," that being very often the snub-nose of lawlessness, misery, and degradation. It is a mistake to identify it, as has sometimes been done, with weakness, or stupidity, as it is often the sign of considerable mental power, though it is never emblematic of sagacity, sweetness, or grace.

There is a wide margin between the weeds of one floral generation and the charming flowers made out of

them by culture in the next; and I rather think that a good sound Christian education is capable of achieving at least as wonderful a change on this ugly facial feature, if the possessor of it be got hold of in good time. Wonderfully altered it becomes under the influence of early culture: its upper part thereby acquiring a prominence which modifies the lower and lessens the difference which separates the genuine snub from all the other tolerable noses of humanity. It is only when a feeble line from the root downwards meets the turn-up at the end that the nose is radically bad. When its chief characteristic is modified, for instance, by either the straight line of the Greek, or the convex of the Roman nose, the snub will be rendered less ungraceful in the one case, and more powerful in the other. We see it thus toned down or "levelled up" in the faces of some distinguished men.

Nearly allied to this class is the nose to which the poetical term of Celestial has been flatteringly applied. It affords quite a contrast to the Jewish nose, as it is concave from the root to the tip. It is suggestive of penetration, shrewdness, self-assertion. They who have it in a pronounced degree will never be troubled with what the Scotch call "blateness," and often be liable to the charge of presumption: if they escape from the charge of being impudent it will only be by reason of the craft or secretiveness with which it is associated. It is decidedly more at home on the feminine than on the masculine face. Some of the distinguished beauties of Charles the Second's court show it in perfection on the canvas of Sir Peter Lely. Under the designation of "Le nez retrousse," French writers speak of it with

admiration, it being, they declare, irresistibly piquant and vivacious. Marmontel says of it, "Un petit nez retrousse renvers les lois d'un empire"; while an anonymous author to whom we have been repeatedly indebted, praises it in the following terms. "We confess a lurking *penchant*, a sort of sneaking affection which we cannot resist, for the celestial nose in a woman. It does not command our admiration and respect like the Greek, to which we could bow down as to a goddess, but it makes sad work with our affections. The former too, is not so unbearable as in a man. It is a great marrer of beauty, undoubtedly; but merely regarded as an index of weakness, it claims our kindly consideration. Weakness in a woman, which is gentleness, feminancy, is excusable and rather lovable; while in a man it is detestable. It is woman's place to be supported, not to support. Hence, the classical emblem of the vine and the elm is felt to be beautiful and true, because it portrays accurately the natural mutual position of husband and wife. A celestial nose in a woman is frequently an index of wit. Wit is a talent not emanating from wisdom; quite the reverse. The wisest men are ofttimes the slowest. Wisdom comes after thought, wit before it."

The Roman. The Greek. The Jewish. The Snub. The Celestial.

CHAPTER VI.

INDIVIDUAL FEATURES CONCLUDED—THE MOUTH—THE LINE BELOW THE LOWER LIP—THE CHIN—THE EAR—THE NECK AND THROAT.

"THE contents of the mind," says Lavater, "are communicated to the mouth. Oh, wherefore can I only imperfectly and tremblingly declare all its honours?—the chief seat of wisdom and folly, power and debility, virtue and vice, beauty and deformity; the seat of all love, all hatred, all sincerity, all falsehood, all humility, all pride, all dissimulation, and all truth." The nose is more particularly the symbol of mental strength, the mouth of moral beauty; though, as explained in previous remarks, these features frequently harmonise, the one radiating back the reflection of the other. All enthusiasts, dwellers in dreamland, and votaries of the poetic muse, may be known from their prosaic brethren by mark of mouth. The sentiment of Ideality will not fraternise with thin lips and a prim, pursed-up mouth; it is never found in combination with these matter-of-fact emblems, and where it exists at all, it must have a meet instrument with which to sing its "breathing thoughts in words that burn." We see the symbol in the portrait of Lord Byron—that impassioned child of song,—and almost equally so in that of the inspired peasant Robert Burns.

"The hair-brained, sentimental trace," of which Scotland's poet speaks, was seen not less in his eyes than in his lips. Sir Walter Scott characterised his eyes as the most brilliant orbs of flame he had ever seen irradiating the face of man; and an aged, intelligent friend of

mine, who was intimate with Burns, and another son of genius, Edmund Kean, has told me that the eyes of these two men shone with a lustrous beauty which was overpoweringly fascinating and peculiar to themselves; and I venture to predicate that no one will see the like again till the matchless tragedian and poet are reproduced or rivalled.

But it is the mouth which tells with its mute eloquence of the Promethean fire slumbering in the poet's breast, ready to rush forth in words of molten lava; and as it is in the physiognomy of Burns and Byron, so is it in this respect with all the bardic race, who, like them, give birth to strains of impassioned ardour. There are doubtless men of a poetic temperament in whom this type of mouth is not discernible; their lips may be less full than the lips of these mighty chieftains of the lyre; and in that case, though they may be true poets, their fancy will neither be heated nor impetuous; the current of their song will not leap like a cataract or sweep along like a swollen river which brooks no control and brawls with tumultuous fury, but will realise the aspirations of an old worshipper of the muse when, describing the course of the Thames, he exclaimed:—

> "Oh, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
> My great example as it is my theme!
> Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
> Strong, without rage,—without o'erflowing, full."

A lipless mouth, resembling a single line, denotes coldness, industry, a love of order and precision; it is the model mouth for a man of business. Calm lips, which close easily and are at the same time well deline-

ated, betoken firmness and discretion; a mild, overhanging upper lip generally signifies goodness. There are, however, many kind, benevolent persons with projecting under lips, but their goodness is rather cold fidelity, the result of conscientiousness than ardent friendship or philanthropy. "Firm lips," says Lavater, "firm character, weak lips wavering and timid. Openness of mouth speaks complaint, closeness, endurance."

We frequently meet with in society two classes of men, the pessimists and the optimists, who take an opposite view of all things; one looking at them through a gloomy medium, the other robing both present and future in a roseate hue. Shakspeare, the matchless delineator of mankind, thus quaintly notices these sons of melancholy and mirth:

> "Now, by two-headed Janus,
> Nature has made strange fellows in her time:
> Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
> And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper;
> And others of such vinegar aspect,
> That they'll not show their teeth by way of smile,
> Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable."

Physiognomy readily distinguishes these classes—the knights of the rueful countenance—from the merry, merry men who bring, as offerings to the shrine of Momus,

> "Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles;
> Nods, and becks, and wreathèd smiles;"

and the difference is chiefly discernible in the mouth, which in the melancholy is curved downwards, and in the light-hearted, and also in humourists and satirists, is curved upwards in the opposite way. The portraits

of Correggio, Dante, and Calvin present familiar examples of the first class; those of Cervantes, Rabelais, Sterne, Voltaire, Theodore Hook, and Artemus Ward (Mr. Charles Browne) of the second.

The solution of some of the greatest problems in science and philosophy is due to men favoured by Nature with upper lips which in the middle fall down, full pointed and firm, on the lower ones:

> "Nature, and Nature's laws, lay hid in night,
> God said, Let Newton be, and all was light."

And next to the forcible, Cogitative nose of that illustrious astronomer, this peculiarity of lip, indicating great concentrative power, is his most striking feature. The law of gravitation was revealed to him in a moment by the fall of an apple, but it required from him ten years of study before he could apply the law as a key with which to unlock the secrets of the universe. That "potent commander of the elements," as James Watt is called by Sir Walter Scott, had a thoughtful countenance in which the lip of concentration was very distinctly marked. It was not alone by intuitive sagacity, but by close application during many long years that Watt's mastery over fire and water was obtained, and he was able to hand it over, in the form of a steam-engine, as a gift to the world. We find this physical trait in the likenesses of Linnæus, Dr. Jenner, Sir William Herschell, Sir Richard Arkwright, Lord Mansfield, Jeremy Bentham, Benjamin Franklin, and Dr. Chalmers; also in those of not a few artists who to creative fancy added deep thought and unwearied perseverance, such as

Nicholas Poussin, the painter, and Sebastian Bach, the musician.

The line from the lower lip to the commencement of the chin is of great expressiveness. Where it is a deep and graceful curve, coming sharp from the red of the seat of salutation, be sure that it betokens goodness, taste, and sensibility. The man thus equipped will possess a keen desire for and ardent appreciation of the beautiful, and will take no delight in pursuits that are mean, cruel, and debasing. Should the line, however, be perpendicular, the individual will in that case be more of a utilitarian, and his pleasures, if not impure, will be less ethereal, and rarely æsthetic. But should the curve be convex, expect neither refinement nor benevolence: it will be a symbol of selfishness manifested remorselessly without regard to moral requirements, or the feelings or interests of the individual's fellow men. I have read of persons who could botanise upon their mothers' graves, so steeled were they to the claims of natural affection, when these interfered with a favourite pursuit; and men with a feature thus deformed often evince the same hardness of mind by acts that are intrinsically vicious.

Let us not judge too hurriedly or harshly. Men are rarely all evil. From the darkest mental disc stream forth radiant scintillations, though, it may be, few and far between; just as the aurora that envelopes the best of our race—those "who wear dust as a garment"—becomes sometimes clouded and dim. Still, relying on the principles already expounded, I can venture to say that no feature such as has just been described will be found in the physiognomy of any habitually virtuous

and intelligent man. I know, however, where the faces abound in which it is only too visible: they are to be seen in the haunts over which unblushing vice holds high carnival—in the St. Gileses of our over-crowded cities—where crime and misery combine to spoil the form originally made fair, according to the type of God's own image; in those dismal regions which raise their annual crop of felons and recruit the population of our prison cells, when room is made for them by transportation or the scaffold.

The convex line below the under lip is most frequently seen in the pariahs of modern society—"the dangerous classes," as they are termed by French writers; and in combination with other features which make up a truculent whole; and that whole I shall describe in the words of one who is not a professed disciple of Lavater. The late Mr. Hepworth Dixon, in his book on the "London Prisons," remarks: "There is a certain monotony and family likeness in the criminal countenance which is at once repulsive and interesting—repulsive from its rugged outlines, its brutal expression, its physical deformity; interesting from the mere fact of that commonness of outward character: the expression, and the structure, and style of features being so unnaturally alike as to suggest that there must be a common cause at work to produce upon these so remarkable a result. "What is this cause?" he asks. "Is it mere habit of life? Intellectual pursuits, it is well known, affect the character, even the material form of the face,—Why not criminal pursuits? No person can be long in the habit of seeing masses of criminals together without being struck with the sameness of their appear-

ance. Ugliness has some intimate connection with crime. A handsome face is a thing rarely seen in a prison, and never in a person who has been a law-breaker from childhood. Well-formed heads, round and massive, denoting intellectual power, may be seen occasionally in the jail; but a pleasing, well-formed face, never. What does this ugliness of the prison population indicate? This, that the habit of crime becomes in a few years a fixed organism which finds expression in the external form."

Mr. Dixon goes on to ask, "And is not such a fact full of morals?" and in the answer supplied he points out one of the many beneficial lessons taught by the science of Physiognomy. "Does not every one feel," he says, "how important it is, in the interests of the criminal himself, that he should be dealt with in the earliest stages of his career, before the evil that is in him has had time to fix itself in the organisation—to grow fast in the ever-hardening granite? A man who has not seen masses of men in a great prison cannot conceive how hideous the human countenance can become. Looking in the front of these benches one sees only demons. Moderately well shaped heads and intelligent countenances are very rare amongst them. The vast mass of heads and faces seem made and stamped by nature for criminal acts. Such low misshapen brows, such animal and sensual mouths and jaws, such cunning, reckless, or stupid looks hardly seem to belong to anything that can by courtesy be called human."

What an eloquent plea this is for Ragged Schools, and for a course of culture and discipline on behalf of juvenile offenders such as our Reformatories supply! When

young they may be successfully dealt with; but when grown-up and indurated in the ways of crime, as well, humanly speaking, can we expect to reclaim them, as that the Ethiopian should change his skin, or the leopard his spots.

I come now to consider the chin as a symbol of character. Where it is very small and retreating the individual will believe, with Falstaff, that discretion is the better part of valour; or if he at any time manifests courage it will be fitful and impulsive, never cool and persevering. There will, above all, be a noticeable lack of energy in his actions. The hue of his thoughts will vary as that of a chameleon; and if not everything by turns, he will be nothing long. When the chin curves away at an angle of forty-five degrees or so, you will seldom, if ever, find it conjoined on the same face with a Napoleon nose. Nature rarely contradicts herself in such a way as that, but as a rule gives to the bold acquiline nose a firm, close, projecting chin; and where these occur you will not find the individual complain, like the coxcomb described by Hotspur,

> "That it was great pity, so it was!
> That villainous salt-petre should be digged
> Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
> Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed,
> So cowardly, and but for these vile guns,
> He would himself have been a soldier."

No: rather will he exult in encountering, and destroying obstacles, and in enterprises of chivalrous valour; ready ever when duty calls and danger frowns to say with Hotspur himself,

"Oh, now methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drownéd honour by the locks."

"I have never seen," says Lavater, "sharp indentings in the middle of the chin but in men of cool understanding, unless when something evidently contradictory appeared in the countenance. The pointed chin is generally held to be a sign of acuteness and craft, though I know very worthy persons with such chins. Their craft is the craft of the best dramatic poetry. The angular chin is seldom found but in discreet, well-disposed men. Flatness of chin speaks the cold and dry; roundness, with a dimple, benevolence." The soft, fat, double chin denotes one who delights in the pleasures of the table, and has, otherwise, a pretty large allowance of animalism to contend with. In "the dangerous classes" and people of an analogous type, the chin is never delicately rounded, but is rude and deformed, looking as if it had been beaten out of shape by physical violence, rather than grown so repulsive under the influence of moral delinquency, personal and inherited.

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove;" and, according to Redfield, its chief external citadel is the chin. Were we to credit all that is said by him about this feature we would have to recognise it as the reflex of the heart in all amatory affairs. When the chin is pointed, he says, a congeniality of feeling is suggested which longs for a partner of like aspect with ourselves; a fulness on both sides, above the terminal point, indi-

cates a desire to be loved, which sentiment is usually stronger in men than in the gentle sex: hence it is natural that man should pay court to the woman. When the lady is as anxious to be loved as the swain who lies at her feet, but has the spareness of chin that indicates a cold heart or small capacity for loving, she will be a bit of a coquette, if not something worse. Further up a little, the capacity to love shows itself by a swell that is more or less full according to the strength of the sentiment. A desire to love tends to throw the chin forward, just as a toss of the head backward is a common manifestation of self-esteem. A narrow, square chin manifests a desire to promote the good of those who from lack of personal charms or wealth have few admirers or friends: it is the type of the Good Samaritan, and it also tends to sustain the reciprocal affection of a wedded pair.

Of the ear as a token of character, little has been said by preceding writers. To me it has long seemed to possess considerable significance. Well shaped ear well shaped head may not be an axiom in Physiognomy, but I have usually found the ear to be, like the face, an index of the inner man, and am disposed to look upon it as a miniature of the brain, so far as form is concerned. If this theory of the ear be well-founded, its measurements in front, above, behind, and below the inner opening will correspond with what phrenologists call the intellectual, moral, and animal regions. Though a small ear was considered graceful by the Greeks, I have a predilection for the ear that displays a full, swelling curve above, and contracts gradually behind, so as to be small only in the lowest lobe. Men and women who

are both gifted and amiable have aural organs of this description, ears indicating intelligence, virtue, and refinement, and which, if I mistake not, are the ears of beauty also. We do not find many such features among habitual law-breakers, or low, sordid persons, of whatever class. Coarse minds are often, if not always, betrayed by ears that are light above, heavy below, and are otherwise ill-shaped.

As may well be conceived, the neck and throat are not without significance. Mental energy, as displayed in battling with difficulties, finds a fitting auxiliary in a thick, short neck. The strong heads of Luther, Cromwell, and Napoleon were planted this way on stalwart shoulders of a congenial type. Combatants of a lower grade are often noted also for their thickness of neck, and in the case of pugilists, and other persons who have more rough force than polish, it is frequently accompanied by a heaviness of the lower brain or cerebellum. A long, slender neck, on the other hand, is the token of gracefulness rather than strength, harmonising, therefore, more with the Greek nose of refinement than with one of the aggressive or military type. The stubborn races, who did not profit by the salutary discipline to which they were providentially subjected, are spoken of in Scripture as stiff-necked, with hearts that would not bend, and which required to be broken. Where the neck is of moderate thickness, and of corresponding length, and the throat is well set forward and convex, personal freedom will be passionately cherished; individuals thus constituted breathing the sentiment of the well-known aspiration:—

> "Thy spirit, Independence, let me share,
> Lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye."

CHAPTER VII.

RELATION OF BODILY COMELINESS TO MENTAL ABILITY AND VIRTUE—ILLUSTRATIVE PORTRAITS, MRS. FLETCHER, MRS. FOWLER, QUEEN VICTORIA—BEARING OF PHYSIOGNOMY ON THE DOCTRINE OF THE RESURRECTION.

THE close connection between physical deformity and vice has already been dwelt upon; let us now consider for a little the reverse of the picture, the harmony that exists between physical comeliness and virtue. I shall not go so far as to assert that a well formed face owes its attractiveness to the mind alone, or that in the precise proportion of sweetness of disposition, enlivened by intelligence, will be the beauty of the features; but this I say, unhesitatingly, that mental goodness and power are in combination with other influences, operating agencies in the production of facial beauty; and that where they exist, they will speak to the eye in physiognomical outlines which none will call uncomely. There are many able, talented females who are not beautiful, but show me any of this character intellectually, who are at the same time wise and good, and I will venture to affirm that though they may not have been cast in the mould of the Medicean Venus, they will yet be beautiful in the truest sense—not displaying perhaps "the blooming tincture of the skin," or the charms which constitute a ball-room divinity, or even "a pride of the village," but yet comeliness of a richer, and rarer, and higher character. A single illustration may suffice as furnished by the likeness of Mrs. Goldschmidt, best known by her maiden name of Jenny Lind. I had often *heard* that the Swedish Nightingale, though a matchless

melodist, was rather plain in personal appearance, and at all events had no pretensions to beauty; but, before I ever saw her portrait, I was impressed with the idea that she must either have a finer face than common rumour assigned to her, or that half the tales told of her general ability and munificent generosity must be untrue. When at length an accredited portrait of the noble cantatrice appeared in the *Art Journal* some years ago, I believed all that had been said of her mental superiority and goodness. Judging from the face as there delineated, she must possess a commanding intellect, be able—shall I say?—to reason like a Martineau as well as to sing like a seraph. Poetry sits upon her lips, and if unable to write the lyrics which she warbles so bewitchingly, her heart will weep with their pathos, exult with their joyousness, and rise defiant with their patriotism. There are so much power and energy in the brow and nose, that, under less peaceful conditions than have fallen to her lot, and in a ruder age than that in which we live, she might have emulated Joan of Arc, or a sister heroine in modern times, the Maid of Saragossa.

It would be easy for me to give the physiognomical standard of beauty as regards the masculine gender, this may be inferred from what has been already stated; as applicable to woman, it includes a brow high rather than broad, round rather than flat; a Greek nose, or one of that type in which the Roman element is barely visible; a mouth of moderate size, not so small as to be insipid, bow-shaped, with the lower lip full; the line below gracefully curved, and introducing a chin that slopes down gently from the cheeks, is well set forward, slightly angular, and all the better if it finishes with a dimple.

After penning this sketch, a portrait fell under my notice, that of the late Mrs. Fletcher, which goes far to realise it, and which, indeed, surpasses in some respects the ideal picture. Those who have read the Autobiography* of that lady would see mirrored in it an exalted

* As edited by her daughter, Lady Richardson, wife of Sir John Richardson, the distinguished arctic explorer and naturalist. Though the engraving of the portrait was intrusted to a skilful London artist, the result is rather disappointing, as the lady it is intended to represent had a finer face than is here assigned to her.

character whose intellectual gifts, moral graces, fascinating manners, and personal charms rendered her the ornament of Edinburgh society at a time when that city was, more than any other, the metropolis of science, art, and literature in the United Kingdom. With nothing of the blue stocking about her, she wrote and conversed with equal ease and point on almost every subject, not excepting politics, in which she was led to take a special interest on account of her husband having been one of the pioneers of Parliamentary Reform; and while herself shining as the centre of admiring circles, manifesting a humility, goodness, and piety that made her not less adored by the poor than she was honoured by the rich. Patriotic, enthusiastic, poetical, she was yet eminently practical, and never more in her element than when discharging her domestic duties, or attending to the claims of charity. Of Mrs. Fletcher it might truly have been said, in the language of Solomon, "She reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. Her children rise up and call her blessed: her husband also, and he praiseth her."

"Hats off! the sovereign draws near!" I feel influenced by the sentiment of these words in presence of the portrait next brought under notice, which is that of a truly regal character, though the lady it represents bore rule, not as a consequence of worldly rank, but by natural gifts of the highest, and by acquired accomplishments of the best. I do not recollect having seen anywhere else such a fine combination of goodness, sweetness, intelligence, and power as this face reveals. It belonged to Lydia Folger, during the years of her

womanhood here below, and, if our hypothesis regarding the harmony of form with spirit be correct, it is yet hers in heaven, and will continue to be so while the ages of eternity roll on.

Born in Nantucket, Massachussetts, Miss Folger came of a good stock. Indeed, no one with a type of countenance such as hers could possibly have sprung from a commonplace father and mother, who had had

for their own parents persons of a low or ordinary caste. In one of Eugene Sue's tales, the heroine, even from childhood, appears as more than semi-angelic, though basely born and bred; but no such phenomenon is ever witnessed in real life. "Blood and culture," operating on a family during a century of so, tell powerfully for good upon its members, provided the influence be kept free from all contaminating ingredients. It was so in the case of "The *knowing* Folgers," an appellation which they long bore in their own island home of Nantucket; and their descendant, to whom the reader has just been introduced, inherited a full share of the virtues, not less than of the intelligence, for which her predecessors, both paternal and maternal, were noted during many generations. She numbered among her ancestors America's greatest sage—Benjamin Franklin; and, allowing for difference of sex, we find the lower part of the philosopher's countenance strikingly reproduced in the portrait of Lydia Folger. Like Franklin in face, she had, like him, a mathematical cast of mind, and a rare aptitude for business affairs. She studied medicine when a girl, practised as a physician in her early prime, and eventually, led by her strong, loving heart, and by an irresistible sense of pious duty, she devoted her energies to the cause of suffering humanity, and by so doing occupied her rightful sphere as a Christian philanthropist.

Wedded while yet comparatively young to the eminent phrenologist, Mr. Lorenzo N. Fowler, the union proved a felicitous one to both parties in every sense. For fully thirty years they officiated as public teachers of the laws of physical health and the code of moral

duty, travelling over a large portion of the American Continent and of the United Kingdom for these purposes, and using the press as well as the platform in the furtherance of their mission. When Mrs. Fowler died a few years ago, in her fifty-sixth year, it was truly said of her that she had "sacrificed herself on the altar of well-doing, thus adding one more to that noble army over whose remains the tide of progress constantly advances."

On the face of Mrs. Fowler her life's work is written; so, also, is her capacity for performing it. Mark the brow, so lofty and so broad; the coronal region of the brain, so suggestive of moral strength and beauty; the eye, beaming with benignity; the nose, forcible and modestly self-assertive; the mouth, firm, yet fervid: latent wit—it may be satire—lying on its upper lip, and its lower one rounded by poetical emotion; while the chin, at once so social and so powerful, shows truly that Mrs. Fowler was fitted to shine as the queen of a friendly circle, and that the duties which devolved upon her as a wife and a mother were discharged in a way that accorded well with her character as a public teacher and as a philanthropist. Her fair face is the reflex of her life's history. All that is mortal of her lies buried in Highgate Cemetery, London. Apostrophising the memorial-stone, we may be allowed to say in the words of Dryden—

> "Preserve, O sacred tomb, thy trust consigned;
> The mould was made on purpose for the mind,—
> And she would lose, if, at the latter day,
> One atom could be mixed of other clay."

There is a face with which we are all familiar, inasmuch as it has appeared on more coins, and in more engravings, perhaps, than any other in the world; need we say that it is the "counterfeit presentment" of Queen Victoria? Even if her character as a woman and

a sovereign had not been almost as well known to her people as the lineaments of her countenance, a fair estimate of what she is might have been deduced from this portrait. It manifests, on the part of her gracious majesty, a strong intellect, a love of power for its own

sake, and a capacity to use it, which hinder her from being in any sense a puppet occupant of the throne, and which render her a real personal ruler, as far at least as the Constitution will allow. The nose of her majesty forbids the idea that she is a mere nominal monarch, to be dominated over by any set of ministers, be they never so astute and able; and I should say that those who are most disposed to give the Queen a good deal of her own way will gain more real ascendancy over her than others who might, in their official dealings with her, seek to realise the idea that there is "a power behind the throne greater than the throne itself." Yet the Queen's portrait shows, if I mistake not, that she possesses no small share of sagacity, and a large fund of good sense which, with the benevolence that it also indicates, help to modify her somewhat lofty conceptions of the royal prerogative. The character of the nose is enhanced by a slight droop between the nostrils; the mouth speaks of both resolution and sadness; force and firmness are suggested by the chin; and the eyes are eloquent with penetration and intelligence.

Not by any means a masculine face, it yet wants the softened outline, which, if possessed by a subject, might be deemed more pleasing to the eye, but might in her case betray weakness. Even the Queen of the United Kingdom and the Empress of India, though at the head of a dominion on which the sun never sets, cannot be both an Elizabeth Tudor and a Mary Stuart at the same time. With more of the former than of the latter in her aspect, she has yet graces which the Virgin Queen never possessed, and, fortunately for her subjects as well as for herself, she is endowed with a wisdom, prudence,

and capability such as never fell to the lot of the unfortunate Queen of Scots. There is no mere fine ladyism about our gracious Sovereign, Queen Victoria, nor were there ever any displays of it even in her earlier years. The Prince Consort aided her in discharging the heavy round of royal duties, which she now goes through personally every day in a manner that would be deemed exactive task-work by such of her subjects as, unlike her, have neither an aptitude nor relish for business affairs.

We frequently find that ladies dowered with *beau ideal* faces have fewer admirers among the other sex than those who are, I shall not say more plain, but whose beauty is of a less exalted type, and is less suggestive of mental supremacy, and is, perhaps, on that very account all the more fascinating. The facial loveliness that captivates some classes of men is too divine for others; and it is well that there should be a diversity of tastes in such matters; though those who prefer a very low standard of beauty attest their own vulgarity by so doing. Lavater gives the silhouette of a woman who, he says, exercised an irresistible sway in certain circles of society, though a turned-up nose—cross between the snub and the celestial—and a heavy, sensual, lower face made the beauty of her visage more than questionable.

It is quite a common thing for shrewd, able men to select as wedded mates ladies who are intellectually inferior to themselves. "However much a learned man may admire female accomplishments, he detests a woman who strives to rival him in his own sphere, who is talking philosophy when he would be whispering 'soft nothings,' and who freezes his ardent admiration with a dissertation

tion on mathematics, or a moral discourse on self-control."*

Were it otherwise, those characteristics of the sex,—tenderness, gentleness, and timidity,—which render them most lovely, would be in danger of disappearing, and would certainly become rare; and a race of Amazons would rise up "too great," if not "too good for human nature's daily food," who instead of being meek, mild, "ministering angels" to man, would endeavour to wrest from him the lordship of creation. I tremble to think of the changes that would occur in the course of three or four generations if women with pronounced Roman or Græco-Roman noses were, as a rule, to be run after, wooed, and won by men of high intellectual mould. The contentions for household supremacy which would in that case arise are not the worst of the evils that would be certain to ensue: the female offspring of such ill assorted marriages might gain in mental strength, but they would lose much in true feminine sweetness; and were a revolution of this kind to sweep over society, woman's rightful mission in the world would be lost, and the gallant compliment of the poet, that Nature's 'prentice hand was first tried on man, and that then, as a higher sample of her handicraft, "she made the lasses o," would no longer be merited.

Such swains as are weak in the nasal line of feature and yet have the audacity to marry Roman-nosed nymphs, must be content to "play second fiddle" at home or forego the joys of domestic harmony. Shakspeare's Katharina was of a domineering stamp, though doubtless

* "Notes on Noses."

both beautiful and accomplished; and it was only because her lover, Petrucio, had a masterful nose and chin, and was therefore a very bold fellow, that he was able to accomplish *The Taming of the Shrew*. Where he succeeded even a Greek-nosed suitor would have failed; and no proprietor of a snub, however presumptuous, would have had the courage to say to the imperious bride,

> "But for my bonny Kate, she must with me
> Nay look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret:
> I will be master of what is mine own."

It may be true that "The hind that would be mated to the lion must die of love," but men of a leonine cast relish the contrast to themselves, which such words as "lambs" and "fawns" suggest; preferring sweetness, gentleness, and dependence on the part of their spouses to the less feminine qualities of mental strength, force of will, and self-assertion. When the manly Adam Bede of George Eliot's romance, overlooking the rarer and higher charms of Dinah Norris, fell desperately in love with the silly, senseless, heartless, yet handsome and winsome Hetty Sorrel, he only did what hundreds like him do in real life. The wise Reuben Butler of another tale made a better choice when he preferred the good, sedate, magnanimous Jeanie Deans to her sister Effie, who was at once so bonnie and so frail; but Jeanie must have been bonnie, too, in her way, as well as good, not only in the eyes of her lover, Butler, and of her fond admirer, the Laird of Dumbiedykes, but as viewed by all readers of "the mind in the face," if Scott's fine conception of the noble heroine could be brought before them faithfully realised, in marble or on canvas.

While on this part of the subject let me remark further, that men whose faces betoken feebleness of character are much the better of having resolute wives to lean upon and guide them. The Scotch ballad, "Tak ye're auld cloak about ye," supplies a pointed illustration of the way in which a woman of strong will and ready wit can overrule her husband without causing any rupture between them. There was rain in the valleys and snow on the hills, with a north wind blowing bitterly, yet the gudeman of the house was exhorted by his spouse to "get up in the morning early" in order to bring the cow home to a place of safety. As Saunders did not at all relish the job he stood out resolutely against it for a time on the plea that his upper garment was sore tattered after thirty years' service, and that before he could venture to face the blast he must have a new one like his neighbours, Rab, Jock, and Hab. Thereupon his couthie dame imputed his desire to pride—the pride which, she said, was "pittin a' the country down"; this statement eliciting from him the spirited retort, that the world was going "tapselteerie" from quite a different cause—the desire of "ilka wife her man to rule." Then mark how, while still sticking to her original text, she changes her tune, appealing pawkily to his tenderest feelings by a reference to the living bonds of love, "the lads and bonnie lasses ten," whom they had had between them, and pointing the moral thus: —

"Now they are women grown and men,
I wish and pray weel may they be;
If you would prove a good husband,
E'en tak ye're auld cloak about ye."

Thus dexterously appealed to, what can the man do but give in, unconditionally? and he submits, not sulkily by any means, but with a good grace and a well-turned compliment to the directress of his destiny:—

"Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,
But she would guide me, if she can;
And to maintain an easy life
I aft maun yield though I'm gudeman.
Nocht's to be had at woman's han',
Unless ye gie her a' the plea:
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
And tak my auld cloak about me."

From what I have already said, the reader will easily guess what sort of features must have been possessed by the good, easy-going farmer and his firm-minded better half, Bell.

How much the face in both sexes is influenced by temperament has already been shown. When that is of the best it may lighten up wonderfully a visage that, if dominated over by a melancholic temperament, would be plain and unattractive; though the finest mixture of all the four temperaments can only very partially make up for the want of physiognomical comeliness. Of expression I have as yet said nothing, as that, strictly speaking, does not fall within the range of our inquiry: yet, as a factor of beauty or deformity, it plays an important part. Each feature has a language of its own, the alphabet of which I have endeavoured to set before the reader, and when the features give active expression to the sentiments of the soul, the utterance becomes eloquent, even though no articulate sound may emanate from the lips. All kinds of expression, love, hatred,

jealousy, desire, and so on, only serve to call out the powers and sentiments which lie latent, yet not hidden to an experienced physiognomist, when, because of the emotions being unexcited, the face remains in repose.

Mrs. Shimelpenninck, from whose work I have already quoted, dilates finely on the attractive expression given to the countenance by the play of well-adjusted temperaments, and the bad effect produced when they, instead of qualifying each other, tell with redoubled emphasis in one direction. "Hence," she observes, "when we hear persons say, 'Such a one is very handsome, but I do not like his face,' it sometimes means 'such a person has a countenance, the temperaments of which are so combined as to throw out his expression in bold relief.' The situation or circumstances could easily be imagined in which this countenance would have the finest effect, but it has no flexibility; the opposing temperaments not being mixed, it has not that beautiful action and reaction of force and pathos which enable its expression to be plastic to circumstances. It is the combination of active and passive temperaments which gives the strength and animation of alternate repose and action. This is the source of all the variations and degrees of expression in the human countenance, which continually refresh the heart and delight the imagination by representing copiousness, force, and contrast of feeling in an infinite variety of shades of gradation."

Some persons are so open or unsecretive as "to pin their heart upon their sleeve for daws to peck at," others habitually wear a Sphinx-like aspect which puzzles ordinary observers; and a third class again would fain look humble, like Uriah Heep, though filled

with lofty aspirations, or sagely deep, like superficial Justice Shallow, or bold, like Snug, who when playing the lion's part trembled at his own roar; but it is no easy matter for any one, however imitative or crafty, to wear a visor that both contradicts and conceals what his natural visage makes known. Doubtless there are actors on the great stage of the world as well as on the boards of a theatre who can seem the things they are not, professing to be honest as Cassio, while playing the demon's part of Iago, but Physiognomy supplies a touchstone in such cases which seldom fails; and this is one of the benefits derivable from its study.

At the same time, it is worthy of remark that to trace the facial outline is often a more difficult task now-a-days than it was before beards came so much into fashion. These when worn thick and close mask the under part of the face, and when all the lineaments below the nose lie under a hirsute muffling, the language of the lips and of the chin, so far as these speak to the observing eye, becomes confused or altogether lost. In such cases the nose, as the keystone of the visage, becomes of double value. Generally speaking, a careful observer guided by it may arrive at a pretty correct conclusion regarding the form of the mouth and chin; but, as already explained, it is not always safe to conclude, because a man's nasal organ is energetic, that his lips are firm and his chin well set forward; or on the other hand that all the lower face is feeble or effeminate because the leading feature above is small and weak. In one respect, however, physiognomists of the present day are supplied by photography with an advantage which Lavater never dreamed of, and which

if it had been placed within his reach would have filled him with delight. A faithful portrait taken by the camera is better for showing "the mind in the face" than the best of drawings; and my humble experience in character-reading leads me to prefer for that purpose a reliable photograph to the living countenance of which it is a transcript.

While on this portion of our subject, let me further say that the presentation of beautiful objects, like the inculcation of beautiful sentiments, by teachers of youth to their charge, helps, among other favourable influences, to bring out and render habitual the best expressions of which the faces of their pupils are susceptible; and that in this way "things of beauty" may literally become to them "a joy for ever"; also that on the same principle art-treasure collections, and surroundings of fine scenery, sculpture, and architecture, tend to promote the physical as well as the mental culture of the general population. I would like more particularly, however, to dwell here for a moment before closing on the beauty-producing influence of wise thoughts on those who cherish them, and of good deeds on those who perform them. The idea here expressed has often been insisted upon throughout this essay; and those who, through the medium of Physiognomy, have realised to some extent the influence of virtue as a begetter of physical comeliness, find a special pleasure in watching the process and in contemplating its results. "It is more blessed to give than to receive," apart altogether from the reward in heaven which awaits those who, here below, "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with their God." Yet, I need scarcely

say, the recipients of practical benevolence—of such services, for example, as are rendered by the great Barnardo mission in London on a large scale, are also mightily blessed, bodily and mentally. Wild, ferocious, impish-looking, and repulsive, when caught in their native lairs of poverty, misery, and vice, the little creatures when well-housed, well-nourished, and subjected to moral training and intellectual culture, gradually come to exhibit traces of the Divine image which ugliness had well-nigh altogether effaced. Philanthropy, as the outcome of Christianity, will eventually do more to improve our race physically than all the arts of the ancient Greeks, who made the beautifying of the human figure an object of their special study; all wise sanitary arrangements, the "cleanliness that is akin to godliness," being used as assistant handmaids in the glorious work of making the spiritual tenant and the tenement that it occupies progress harmoniously nearer and nearer to their original type.

In drawing to a close, let me say that the book of the human face is to all its students a never-ending source of interest. Instinctively, as it were, they begin to read its linear hieroglyphics as page after page passes panorama-like before their eyes in the streets, or in the market-place, at the social meeting, or in the crowded assembly: mistakes, doubtless, now and again being made by the observers, yet the pleasure of the information thus acquired being valuable and gratifying. The moralising Jacques, when remote from the haunts of men, found "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything"; and when the inanimate creation is fitted to convey such instruc-

tion, what must not the countenances of those who are animated thinking souls be fitted to reveal, if our belief be well founded, that the outward man which we see is a transcript of the inner man that is invisible? In a countless number of instances the writing makes very unpleasant revelations. Rarely, indeed, is the page fair throughout, or so free from blots as to afford unmixed pleasure to its peruser; and rarely—at all events in the circles of civilised society—is it utterly repulsive; and when at any time we can observe sure tokens of improvement in countenances that were long unlovely, a pleasure is experienced which well repays all the study that is needed to understand the causes and full import of the change.

And who knows—let me reverently say, in summing up—but that in the individuality of shape possessed by each descendant of Adam, lies that essential part of the human mechanism which is never lost sight of by its Almighty Creator; and according to the pattern of which will be the "spiritual body" when raised up on the resurrection day? I am much inclined to the belief that the organic identity—the *ego* of every man, woman, and child that links the material with the spiritual in a chain of destiny that can never be broken—is maintained chiefly, if not solely, through the form of the corporeal type tenanted by them here below. How are the dead raised up, and with what bodies do they come? The pregnant question thus put by St. Paul is answered by him in terms which well accord with the theory I have ventured to advance:—"That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die; and that which thou sowest is not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it

may chance of wheat, or of some other grain; but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased Him, and *to every man his own body.*" Drawing a lesson from this statement, which all may learn with advantage, the Apostle exhorts his brethren to be "steadfast, immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; inasmuch as they know that their labour will not be in vain in the Lord;" because the work of duty-doing for Christ in this world (a doctrine humbly set forth throughout this essay) tends alike to beautify the body and to elevate the mind, and secures through His merits, victory over death, and an undying heritage beyond the grave.

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